



VOL. XXXII

MARCH, 1936

No. 238

THE DICKENSIAN

A MAGAZINE
FOR
DICKENS LOVERS

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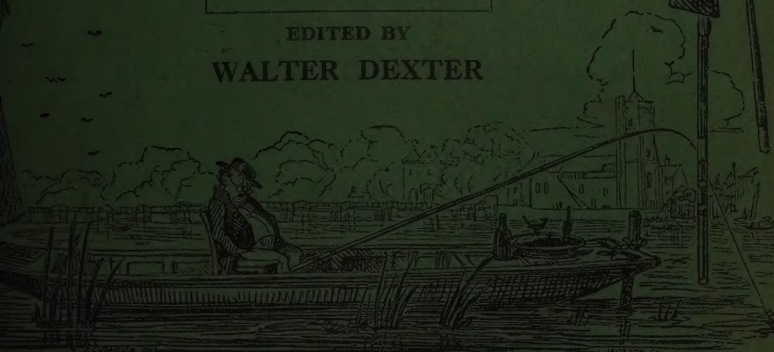
A YOUNG MAN READS
PICKWICK

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ABOUT PICKWICK

AND OTHER ARTICLES

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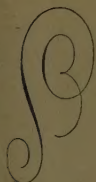
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Dickens Journey



"It was a comfortable looking place for there was a strong cheerful light in the bar window, which shed a bright ray across the road . . . and there was a red flickering light in the opposite window . . . which intimated that a rousing fire was blazing within."

IT is surely a devastating thought that, had Charles Dickens never spent a night at the Great White Horse in Ipswich, the Pickwick adventure of the lady with curl-papers might never have been penned. You too may pass under the effigy of the horse that he has remembered so unkindly; there are still the rambling corridors and the famous fourposter bed in room 36.



It's fascinating to try and discover how much of the King's Head at Rochester, the Swan at Tewkesbury or the White Horse at Dorking you can recognise from your recollections of Dickens. The old inns are still there—their fabric and their associations carefully preserved by Trust Houses.



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MARCH 27

APRIL 4

PICKWICK CENTENARY

1836—1936

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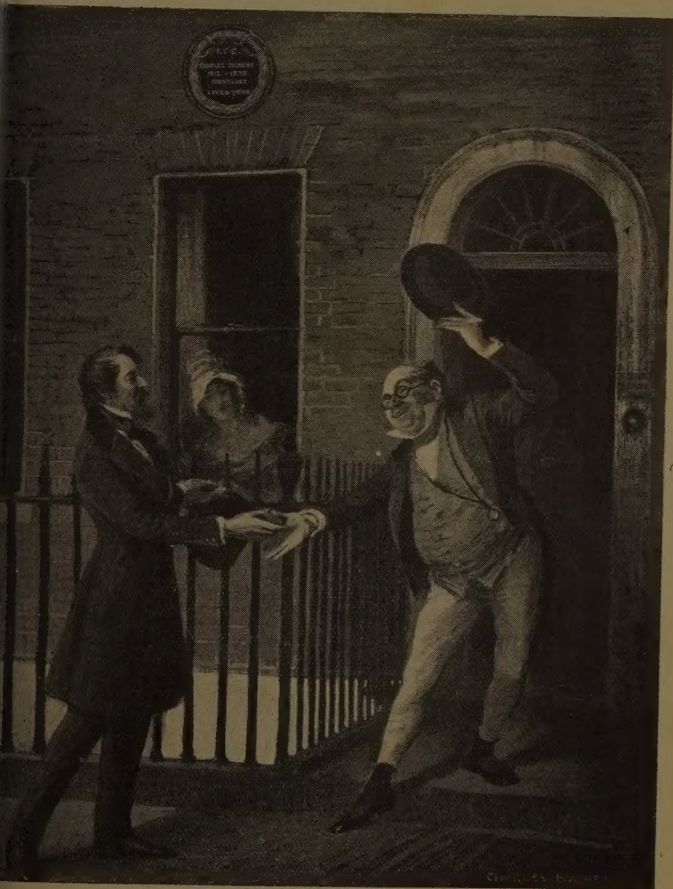
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THE PICKWICK CENTENARY

MARCH—APRIL, 1936



Mr. Pickwick's Greetings at 48 Doughty Street

By Charles Bucher

From the original drawing presented to The Dickens House
by the proprietors of "The Sphere"

THE PICKWICK CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

The lamented death of His Late Majesty King George has caused an unavoidable alteration in our programme.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, who had consented to propose the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" at the Centenary Banquet at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on March 31st, will be unable to attend. The Dickens Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the Infants' Hospital has been postponed for a few months but information on this matter will be published in due course.

The arrangements made for the Celebration, therefore are as follows:—

Friday, March 27th—Reception of Delegates by the Chairman of the Council, Walter Dexter, and Mrs. Dexter, at Caxton Hall Westminster.

Saturday, March 28th—Conference Meeting at the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, in the morning. Motor tours of Mr. Pickwick's London in the afternoon.

Sunday, March 29th—Special service in Westminster Abbey.

Monday, March 30th—The Commodore Coach, driven by Bertram Mills, L.C.C., to Rochester, followed by motor coaches. Reception by His Worship the Mayor of Rochester. Luncheon. Tour of Dickensian Rochester.

Tuesday, March 31st—Dickens Matinée at the Palladium Theatre all star cast, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital.

Pickwick Centenary Celebration Banquet at Grosvenor House Park Lane, in the evening.

Wednesday, April 1st—Delegates will be the guests of the Right Worshipful the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth to luncheon at the Guildhall.

During the week a Pickwick Exhibition will be held at the Dickens House. There will also be a special exhibition of the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

A booklet with full details has been circulated to all London members and branches. Copies can be obtained on application to the Dickens House.

* * * * *

The Pickwick Year. With an admirable article by Mr. Bernard Darwin bearing this appropriate title "The Times" ushered in the year of the Centenary of the publication of *The Pickwick Papers*, and other important newspapers were not far behind. Mr. Ernest H. Shepard contributed to "Punch" on January 8th a cartoon depicting John Bull and Uncle Sam at table with Mr. Pickwick, mounted on a chair, proposing a toast in the following words, "Here's hoping that you two will always be as much like by each other as I believe that I am by both of you," which all Dickensians will heartily endorse. "Mr. Pickwick's a hundred years old" was the title of an hour's broadcast celebration on January 2nd and we heartily congratulate Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley on the great success of his script and the manner in which it was produced. On Sunday, January 5th (a date memorable to the Editor of this magazine) the Columbia Broadcasting Company connected The Dickens House with the United States of America, and the President, Sir Stephen Killik, and

Mr. A. W. Edwards, the Hon. Secretary, sent messages of friendship to our American Branches and all Dickens lovers across the Atlantic.

* * * * *

the original of Mr. Pickwick. If it is at all necessary to find an original for every Dickens character, then Mr. Arthur Waugh has said the final word on the subject in the last number of *The Dickensian*; it was no new theory, but the old original, and generally accepted, truth. But reading the other day the reminiscences of George Grossmith (who passed away towards the end of last year), we were surprised to find him stating, "My grandfather, George Grossmith, a close friend of the great novelist, was said to be the original of Mr. Pickwick." As in the line immediately preceding this statement, "G.G." claims Sir Henry Dickens and his family as among his oldest friends, it is a wonder he was never better informed. The book was published in 1933.

* * * * *

the Last of the Adelphi. As we write, the Adelphi, famed for its Terrace, its dark arches, and its Pickwickian hotel, is being demolished; how much will be left to us we do not know. Both "The Star" and "The Daily Express" displayed a special article featuring a reputed Thieves' Kitchen in the Arches, which, it appears, is to be preserved because it is associated with Dickens and *Oliver Twist*! This is the first we have heard of the claim; and every reader of that story has surely imprinted on his brain that Fagin's house was not far from Saffron Hill, and close to Field Lane, in quite another part of the metropolis. The nearest we can get to Field Lane to-day is the Holborn end of Shoe Lane. We are pleased to note that both papers published a correction—by the present writer—of their error.

* * * * *

A Christmas Carol in America. We have previously referred on this page to the custom of President Roosevelt reading *The Carol* to his family on Christmas Day. This year he witnessed at the White House a private showing of the British film, "Scrooge," which this winter has given so much pleasure to millions in this country. This augurs well for Dickens and British films in America.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan entertained sixteen grandchildren at his home on Long Island, and read to them *A Christmas Carol* from the original manuscript in his possession.

* * * * *

to What Use. We are so often accustomed to see Dickens's characters used as figures of speech that we seldom make a note of them in these pages, but *The Pickwick Papers* has recently been put to quite a different purpose. A writer in the "Free-thinker," desiring to stress his point that the story of Jesus was entirely a myth, put the supposititious point that if the name of the author of *Pickwick* should in the course of 2,000 years become lost, a discussion might well then arise as to the reality of Mr. Pickwick, and those in support of the theory that he was a reality would produce prints of the inns at which he stayed during his "wanderings," and

accounts of pilgrimages made to his "shrines" by his many "disciples," and also refer to the many "apocryphal" lives, such as "Pickwick Abroad" and "The Penny Pickwick."

* * * * *

Cruikshank v. Phiz. Another curious and really inexcusable error was made by a writer in "The Birmingham Daily Mail" on January 3rd in discussing the Best Books of 1836. He stated that after the death of Seymour, "'Phiz' (Cruikshank) and 'Boz' (Dickens) became partners." Other errors in the same column fade before this one.

* * * * *

The Chemist Juror in "Pickwick." A writer in "The Sunday Times," noting that Whitaker's Almanack states that pharmaceutical chemists in actual practice are exempt from service on Juries, recalls that in the famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, tried in the eighth year of George IV, "one Thomas Groffin, chemist, was refused exemption by the judge (Stareleigh J.) and duly empanelled," asking if the judge was wrong in his refusal. The following week elicited the information that by the Juries Act, 25 and 26 Vict., Cap. 107, chemists were exempted from service on juries.

We wonder if the report that, in Mr. Groffin's absence, his boy might confound Epsom salts with oxalic acid so roused the sympathies of the powers that be that the existing law was changed?

If so, there is another "reform" to Dickens's credit.

* * * * *

Books for the Pickwick Centenary. Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce for publication this month two new books on *Pickwick*, one a series of studies of the *Pickwick* characters by well-known writers the other "The Origin of *Pickwick*" (with much hitherto unpublished material) by Mr. J. W. T. Ley and the Editor of *The Dickensian*. Dr. Strange and Mr. William Miller are reprinting their valuable *Pickwick* bibliography which appeared in *The Dickensian*, and adding to it other matter of Pickwickian interest. Mr. Ralph Straus, who a few years ago gave us the best Life of Dickens of recent years, has a new book on Dickens coming out with Nelsons and the Argonaut Press is publishing for the Dickens Fellowship the letters of Dickens to Maria Beadnell.

* * * * *

No "Imperence." For fear a knowing reader, after considering the remarkable letter published on page 133, may think the editor "is a playin' some imperence vith us" we have Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's permission to refer to it as "a light-hearted jest perpetrated in 1906 or thereabouts (I was very young then) to amuse readers of 'The Speaker.'" The absurd hypothesis was, of course that Alexander Dumas, as a translator of *Pickwick*, had turned it into "The Three Musketeers." Our readers will agree with us that the jest was exceedingly well done, and had it not been for King Charles's head might have remained a secret—to the mystification of future literary historians.

WALTER DEXTER.

Mary Hogarth from her most aff.
Pickwickian

No. 1.

THE

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MDCCCXXVI.

Cover of the first monthly part of *The Pickwick Papers*, 1836. Part of the series presented by Dickens to his sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth

THE PICKWICK ADVERTISEMENTS AND OTHER ADDRESSES TO THE PUBLIC

FOR the time when advertising was not carried to the same great lengths as it is to-day, *The Pickwick Papers* was extremely well advertised by the publishers. In addition to the one-inch advertisement in "The Times," March 26th, and in the other daily and weekly papers towards the end of March, 1836, there was a large display advertisement in the leading literary weekly, "The Athenæum," of the 26th March. It occupied the top half of a full-page devoted to the publications of Chapman and Hall, with the words THE PICKWICK CLUB in heavy type prominently displayed across the page. A similarly worded advertisement on two smaller pages, appeared in a few of the magazines published at about the same time; nearly all these have been destroyed in the course of binding and few remain. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Sotheran and Co., Ltd., we are able to present our readers with a reduced facsimile of this advertisement, as it appeared in "The Library of Fiction" at the end of March, 1836.

This advertisement is of great interest, as it is obvious that the letterpress describing the scope of the new periodical was the work of Dickens himself. According to "The Athenæum" the advertisement (otherwise identical in wording to this), announced

"On the 31st March will be published, to be continued Monthly, Price One Shilling, the First Number of etc., etc."

The second number of *Pickwick* contained an announcement of the death of Seymour and an apology for the inclusion of only three plates instead of the promised four. As this was essentially a publishers' notice, we cannot say definitely that it was written by Dickens, but it is probable he had more than a hand in it. It reads as follows:

Before this number reaches the hands of our readers, they will have become acquainted with the melancholy death of MR. SEYMOUR, under circumstances of a very distressing nature. Some time must elapse before the void which the deceased gentleman has left in his profession can be filled up;—the blank his death has occasioned in the Society which his amiable nature won, and his talents adorned we can hardly hope to see supplied.

We do not allude to this distressing event in the vain hope of adding, by any eulogium of ours, to the respect in which the late Mr. Seymour's memory is held by all who ever knew him. Some apology is due to our readers for the appearance of the present number with only three plates. When we state that they came from Mr. Seymour's last efforts, and that on one of them, in particular (the embellishment to the Stroller's Tale) he was engaged up to a late hour of the night preceding his death, we feel confident that the excuse will be deemed a sufficient one.

Arrangements are in progress which will enable us to present

the ensuing Numbers of the Pickwick Papers on an improved plan, which we trust give entire satisfaction to our numerous readers.

April 27th, 1836.

The next month's number contained an "Address from the Publisher" and a "Postscript from the Editor" occupying two pages.

The former served to introduce Buss in the place of Seymour, and to inform readers that in future the letterpress would be increased by eight pages, as a recompense for only two steel engravings.

ADDRESS FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

We announced in our last, that the ensuing numbers of the Pickwick Papers would appear in an improved form, and we now beg to call the attention of our readers to the fulfilment of our promise.

Acting upon a suggestion made to them from various influential quarters, the Publishers have determined to increase the quantity of Letter Press in every monthly part, and to diminish the number of plates. It will be seen that the present number contains eight additional pages of closely printed matter, and two engravings in steel from designs of Mr. BUSS—a gentleman already well known to the public as a very humorous and talented artist.

This alteration in the plan of the work entails upon the Publishers considerable expense, which nothing but a large circulation would justify them in incurring. They are happy to have it in their power to state that the rapid sale of the two first numbers, and the daily increasing demand for this Periodical, enables them to acknowledge the patronage of the public, in the way which they hope will be deemed most acceptable.

May 30th, 1836.

It is interesting to note from the final paragraph the effort to give a fillip to the sales by referring to large and increasing circulation.

Dickens's own "address" was as follows:

POSTSCRIPT FROM THE EDITOR.

Always anxious to amuse our readers by every means in our power, we beg to present them with the following *verbatim* copy of a letter which was addressed and sent by an anonymous correspondent to the Editor of the Pickwick Papers, a fortnight since. Our correspondent's notions of punctuation are peculiar to himself, and we have not ventured to interfere with them.

"Sir,—In times when the great—and the good are—largely associating for the amelioration of the Animal Kingdom, it seems remarkable . that *any* writer should . counteract their . intentions . by . such careless paragraphs as . the one . I inclose !

if it is carelessness *only* . it may be corrected if it is . bad taste . I am afraid it . will be more difficult . but perhaps you could . in another paper point out . to the obtuse . like myself, the wit or humour, of depicting . the noblest of animals, faint, weary, and over driven,

'When the Knees quiver and the Pulses beat.'

Subjected . to a . Brute ; only to be . tolerated because he at . *least* is ignorant, of the Creature and his Creator . to whom he is responsible, and whose ' admirable frolic and fun ' consists in giving . his brutal history of his horse . in bad English ! ! ”

Then follows an extract from a newspaper containing the cabman's description of his Horse from p. 6 of our first number.

This is evidently a very pleasant person—a fellow of infinite fancy. We shall be happy to receive other communications from the same person—and on the same terms ; that is to say, post paid.

The newspaper extract referred to was, no doubt, from “ The Times ” of April 7th.

No “ Address ” or “ Postscript ” heralded the advent of Phiz in Number III ; probably the publishers were rather sick at heart that the optimism of their previous note was not being justified. Then after a couple of months came the phenomenal and unexpected success, and there was little need for addressing the public. But with the tenth number Dickens again issued an “ address ” announcing that he was half-way through with his project, and thanking his readers in showman-like language for their support.

ADDRESS.

Ten months have now elapsed since the appearance of the first number of the PICKWICK PAPERS. At the close of the year and the conclusion of half his task, the author may perhaps, without any unwarranted intrusion on the notice of the public, venture to say a few words for himself.

He has long been desirous to embrace the first opportunity of announcing that it is his intention to adhere to his original pledge of confining this work to twenty numbers. He has every temptation to exceed the limits he first assigned to himself, that brilliant success, an enormous and increasing sale, the kindest notice, and the most extensive popularity, can hold out. They are, one and all, sad temptations to an author, but he has determined to resist them ; firstly, because he wished to keep the strictest faith with his readers ; and secondly, because he is most anxious that when the Posthumous PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB form a complete work, the book may not have to contend against the heavy disadvantage of being prolonged beyond his original plan.

For ten months longer, then, if the author be permitted to retain his health and spirits, the PICKWICK PAPERS will be issued in this present form, and will then be completed. By what fresh adventures they may be succeeded is no matter for present consideration. The Author merely hints, but he has strong reason to believe that a great variety of other documents still lie hidden in the repository from which these were taken, and they may one day see the light.

With this short speech, Mr. Pickwick's Stage-Manager makes his most grateful bow, adding, on behalf of himself and publishers, what the late eminent Mr. John Richardson of Horsemonger Lane, Southwark, and the Yellow Caravan with the Brass Knocker, always said on behalf of himself and company at the close of every performance :

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—For these marks of your favour we beg to return you our sincere thanks ; and allow us to inform you that we shall keep perpetually going on, beginning again, regularly, until the end of the fair."

December, 1836.

The final " address " appeared six months later upon the resumption of the work after two months' cessation, due to the death of Mary Hogarth.

186 Strand, June 30th, 1837.

ADDRESS.

The author is desirous to take the opportunity afforded him by his resumption of this work, to state once again what he thought has been stated sufficiently emphatically before, namely, that its publication was interrupted by a severe domestic affliction of no ordinary kind ; that this was the sole cause of the non-appearance of the present number in the usual course ; and that henceforth it will continue to be published with its accustomed regularity.

However superfluous this second notice may appear to many, it is rendered necessary by various idle speculations and absurdities which have been industriously propagated during the past month ; which have reached the author's ears from many quarters, and have pained him exceedingly. By one set of intimate acquaintances, expressly well impressed, he has been killed outright ; by another driven mad ; by a third imprisoned for debt ; by a fourth sent per steamer to the United States ; by a fifth rendered incapable of any mental exertion for evermore—by all, in short, represented as doing anything but seeking in a few weeks' retirement, the restoration of that cheerfulness and peace of which a sad bereavement had temporarily deprived him.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive every month an immense number of communications purporting to be " Suggestions " for the *Pickwick* Papers. We have no doubt that they are forwarded with the kindest intentions ; but, as it is wholly out of our power to make use of any such hints, and as we really have no time to peruse anonymous letters, we hope the writers will henceforth spare themselves a great deal of unnecessary useless trouble.

Although reference is made to some previous notification of the reason for the delay in publishing the June number no such notice was ever given in *Pickwick*. It is thought this referred to a notice that had appeared earlier in " Bentley's Miscellany," which Dickens was editing at the time.



AUCKLAND TINY TIMS

The " Auckland Star " for December 16th contains a most interesting photograph of the entertainment given by the Auckland Branch to the Tiny Tims.

THE RETURN

By J. H. McNULTY



An Unpublished Sketch by Phiz

ONE fine December morning, when the sun, our warm-hearted friend, was trying with partial success to brighten the tops of the buildings in the somewhat drab metropolis, Sam Weller entered Mr. Pickwick's

bed-chamber with his usual cheery greeting: "Here's your hot water, sir, and breakfast will be ready for you as soon as you are ready for it."

"Good morning, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick sleepily, "what sort of day is it?"

"Fine bright morning, sir," replied Sam, "as the Master of the Mint said ven he coined a thousand bright golden sovereigns before breakfast and ate his meal off his best silver plate."

"What is the time?" asked Mr. Pickwick, with a yawn.

"Just gone nine, sir. Clocks were chiming as I came in," replied Mr. Weller.

"I think it must be later," said Mr. Pickwick. "I seem to have been asleep ever so long. And there's a date running through my mind—November, 1837. I wonder what put that into my head. Well, never mind. I'll get up now. I'll call for anything I want. Tell them, Sam, I'll be down in half an hour, and mind there's a good breakfast for me. I've slept well and I'm hungry."

"Right you are, sir," said Sam, who shared his master's appetite.

Mr. Pickwick arose, lifted the blind to satisfy himself that it was a fine morning, then approached the dressing table and began looking for his razor. After a few minutes he picked up a queer little metal instrument with a cross-piece containing two small rows of teeth. He examined it curiously, for he had never seen such a thing before, and rubbed it gently against his cheek.

A minute after he dropped it. "Nasty thing this," he cried, "it looks like a rake, but it cuts like a knife. Sam, Sam, where is my razor?"

"Razor, sir," said the indispensable one, immediately re-appearing, "you'll find this all right; it's a safety razor."

"Safety!" cried Mr. Pickwick, dabbing the scratch on his face

where the blade had touched it. "Safety doesn't seem the right word, anyhow."

"It'll cut all right," said Sam, "I used one myself this morning."

"Yes, I know it cuts all right," said Mr. Pickwick, still dabbing his face. "I know that well enough, but I want something I can shave with. Get me a real razor, there's a good fellow."

After a short interval an old-fashioned cut-throat was obtained, and Mr. Pickwick, having carefully completed his toilet, arrived at the breakfast table.

Mr. Pickwick had never been one of those persons whose internal organisation is so weak and delicate that it can deal with nothing more substantial in the early morning than tea and toast or possibly an egg. When he awoke he was at once ready for a good meal. And to-day the freshness of the morning, his long night's rest, and the exquisite flavour of the food placed before him helped him to make a good beginning to a good day. Golden-hearted eggs, rashers as crisp and pink as newly-gathered rose buds, fish as fresh as when it swam among the salt sea waves, jam and marmalade still redolent of the orchard, these together with the fragrance of tea and coffee all made a repast that might have tempted the appetite of the most fastidious. Mr. Pickwick needed no such enticement, but the excellence of the meal did stimulate still further an already keen and healthy appetite.

Having breakfasted and looked at the papers, he went for a walk through the city and was much interested in the posts recently erected along the footpath, which looked like a post impressionist's idea of an orange tree—a black and white stem supporting a single fruit.

"What are those things for, Sam?" he asked.

"Safety," replied Mr. Weller. "Drivers mustn't run over you if you cross the road between those posts. If they do they have to pay for your funeral."

"But surely," said Mr. Pickwick in some alarm, "drivers ought not to run over you anywhere."

"They ought not, but they do," said Sam calmly.

There was a look of pleasure mixed with bewilderment on Mr. Pickwick's face as he walked along, but when it became necessary to cross the road the look of pleasure gave way to one of anguish.

Convulsively clutching Sam's arm, he would walk with every muscle taut in a perfectly straight line from one curb to the other, choosing always the comparative safety promised by one of those strange-looking fruit trees. Having reached the further side he would give a sigh of relief, his muscles would relax, a smile would overspread his features, and he would become once more the benign and happy, though now somewhat puzzled, Mr. Pickwick of old.

As they walked along Cheapside a bookshop attracted his attention. He looked in at the window, then entered and spent some time in examining the books and magazines displayed there.

"There's a magazine here in which your name appears several times, sir," said Sam.

"My name," cried Mr. Pickwick, somewhat nervously. "What does

say about me? Nothing detrimental I hope. What are its politics? Is it Buff or Blue?"

"Green," replied Sam.

"Green," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick indignantly, suspecting a joke.

"What do you mean, Sam, by 'Green'?"

"Judging by the colour of its cover it is green," replied his imperurbable servant.

Mr. Pickwick examined the little volume, and finding nothing offensive in it, purchased a copy.

"Interesting book here on oysters, 'The Return of the Native,'" said Mr. Weller.

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, "a cookery book, I suppose."

"Excuse me, sir," said the bookseller, intervening, "this book has nothing to do with the delightful shell-fish you mentioned. It's one of the Wessex Novels by Thomas Hardy."

"Of course," said Mr. Pickwick, anxious to conceal his servant's ignorance, "of course, Hardy, the brave sailor who attended our national hero, Nelson, on his death-bed; an interesting link between literature and the Navy."

The bookseller could hardly suppress a smile at Mr. Pickwick's explanation, but on looking at that great man's countenance he quickly recognised that his ignorance of modern fiction must be due to his absorption in higher things.

"Here's a book entirely about you this time," cried Sam excitedly, picking up a finely-bound volume of *The Pickwick Papers*.

Mr. Pickwick examined it carefully for some minutes and then cried out sharply to his companion, "Sam, come here."

"Certainly, sir."

"Is there anything the matter with me, Sam?"

"No, sir."

"I don't look frightfully old, for instance; in my dotage; one foot in the grave?"

"Prime o' life, sir, no more and no less."

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "if this book is right—I don't say it is, but if it is right I'm a hundred years old."

"You mustn't believe everything you see in print," replied Mr. Weller, "as the Member of Parliament said when he read his own obituary notice in the morning paper."

"But this is not the morning paper. It's a well-printed and excellently-bound book published by a highly reputable firm. It must be right. I must be a hundred and yet I don't feel old. I feel quite young, quite as young as I ever did."

"Don't worry," said Sam, sympathetically. "Now I come to think of it, if you're a hundred I can't be much less."

"Well, Sam, young or old, whether I'm a hundred or not yet fifty, I'm going to a Christmas party to-night and you will accompany me."

"What, into the party with all the ladies and gen'l'm'n?" asked Sam.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, "the party is advertised in this

magazine and as it is to be a fancy dress affair no one will know us. It will be great fun."

"How are we to dress?" asked Sam.

"Just as we are," replied Mr. Pickwick. "The others will all be pretending to be someone else and we shall be ourselves; we shall be the only real people there."

"And how am I to behave?" asked Mr. Weller, showing an unusual care about his conduct and deportment.

"Be yourself, Sam, simply yourself."

Returning now to his hotel, Mr. Pickwick dismissed his companion, telling him to wait on him at 6 o'clock to prepare for the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Pickwick spent the rest of the afternoon making entries in his journal concerning the events of the morning. These have not yet been published so we are unable to tell our readers their exact nature, but we believe they contained some trenchant remarks on the new buildings, the traffic regulations and dangers. At the appointed hour Mr. Weller presented himself and found Mr. Pickwick ready to start. Before setting out, however, Mr. Pickwick went to his desk to extract a manuscript he wished to take with him. He had some difficulty in unlocking the desk and, having tried every key on the bunch, turned to Sam for help.

"It's the wrong key that has no turning, as the burglar said ven he failed to unlock the safe and had to force it open with his jemmy," remarked Mr. Weller, "but a knife is as good for a desk as for an oyster." Saying this, Sam skilfully unfastened the desk and Mr. Pickwick took out the paper he required.

They then set forth, and Mr. Pickwick, mindful of former misadventures, left the engagement and payment of the taxi to Sam.

When they arrived at the hall they found a large company already assembled, and among those present several persons representing Mr. Pickwick. Introductions took place and this was just as well, for though the good people at the party thought these impersonations excellent, Mr. Pickwick could not see in them the slightest resemblance to himself. Perhaps this was lucky for he went unrecognised throughout the evening, and when he was asked whom he was impersonating, answered, "No one." This was quite true and saved awkward explanations.

Sam had a similar experience, but his actions quickly established his superiority over all his imitators. He had been but a short time in the room, when he produced a bottle of polish which he rubbed on the floor, and after some vigorous friction produced an excellent slide. "Can't be too slippery as the Polar Bear said ven he slid down the North Pole on to the ice below," observed Mr. Weller.

His slide and his actions upon it quickly attracted a large audience and several who had taken no such strenuous exercise for many a long day were soon moving merrily, though not too gracefully, along its polished surface. Bruises and minor injuries were the result, but what were these compared to the delight of the unwonted exercise?

am had foreseen that after such an entertainment as this, something more solid than the excellent, but frugal, refreshments supplied at the Party would be required, and had ordered in a large quantity of oysters. These he opened with the skill born of long practice and soon the floor around him looked like an oysters' cemetery or the kitchen of the Colchester Moot Hall after the annual feast.

In the meantime Mr. Pickwick was enjoying himself in characteristic fashion. Drawing from his pocket the manuscript he had brought with him, he proceeded to read to a select circle the following story:—

* * * * *

Many years ago, so many in fact that if the story isn't true it ought to be, for it has never been contradicted, there lived in a little village in the North of England, a gentleman who bore the name of Slowman Soloway. Now let it be said at once that his Godfathers were not in any way responsible for this unusual Christian name. Our hero had been christened Solomon, and his friends had shortened this to Slowman, partly because it is easier and quicker to say, and partly because it seemed to suit the deliberate methods and manners of Mr. Soloway.

He had been in his present abode for a good many years, and having an income far in excess of his ordinary requirements, had a fair margin to spend in whatever way pleased him most, and it must be admitted that he made good use of it. His donations to charity were generous, and never was a deserving cause pleaded to him in vain. Naturally he was popular in the village, where he was generally known as "good old Slowman," not that he was particularly old, but the two words have a strange attraction for each other. If a thing is "good" it is sure to be called "old." "Good old boy" and the "good old times" are common expressions of affection or reminiscence. Whoever heard of "good young boy" or the "good new times"? The very idea is absurd.

Solomon lived in an ivy-covered old house at the end of the High Street, comfortable inside, and very pleasant to behold, and though he lived alone, he was not naturally a solitary or lonely person. Frequent visits from friends and relatives broke his solitude, and as he often returned these visits, he had a social and happy life.

The village was situated in the midst of hilly country, surrounded by rolling downs and moors, with little copses in the hollows, and the village itself was sheltered on three sides by a wood which protected it from the fiercest blasts of winter.

In summer the country was delightful and even in winter as soon as snow had softened the austerity of the landscape, the view was most grateful to the eyes of jaded town-dwellers.

One day towards the latter part of December, three years before our story opens, a strange idea occurred to Solomon. He began to feel nervous about the future and to wonder what misfortunes would befall him in the years to come.

"If I could only see the future," he would say, "how much more

generous I might be in my donations to charity. Should there be misfortunes in store for me I would make some provision for them and the remainder of my income might be freely spent with no misgivings. If the future were clear, I could double my gifts." The idea at last took complete possession of him and as he was going home on Christmas Eve, walking slowly and deliberately as usual, he imagined the power of foreseeing the future to be already his, and began arranging the details of his life as it would be, had he the power he so much desired. He entered his house, and going into the library sank down in his favourite chair, and in the flickering firelight gave himself up to pleasant dreams and imaginings.

Gradually he became aware of a shape or form, if that which was formless and shadowy could be termed such. Then clearly he heard the words: "Solomon, you have wished for knowledge of the future, do you still desire it?"

Solomon was too much surprised to speak and his surprise made his natural slowness of speech still greater. He just managed to incline his head to indicate his wish.

"It is yours," said the spirit, "You shall be able to see events ten years ahead. It is a dangerous gift, use it well. In three years time, I will return and you may then retain the gift with a greater range of vision, or relinquish it for ever. Farewell."

The voice ceased and Solomon knew nothing more till he awoke the next morning, awoke with his new gift to a new life, very different indeed from what he had anticipated. He spent Christmas time with his friends and relatives and with the coming of the New Year began exercising his wonderful power.

Looking into the future he saw the illnesses he would suffer from in the coming years, a fall in the value of property would occur in the spring five years hence. It was clearly his duty to make provision for these and to do this he must cut down expenses, and economise. His donations to charities must cease for a time. He would give up entertaining, too, and the journey to distant countries he had once promised himself must be abandoned.

The misfortunes he foresaw were not very serious, it is true, but he wished to be on the safe side, so he made ample provision for them. The fact that no serious calamity was going to overtake him in the next ten years, the period of his foreknowledge, made it likely, so he argued, that more serious happenings would take place in the years beyond, and this made economies still more urgent.

At first he found it painful to refuse appeals for help, but the painfulness quickly wore off, and after a while the appeals became rarer. He missed the company of friends and relatives, but this soon ceased to trouble him, as his passion for saving to meet known and unknown contingencies increased. Thus he grew more and more self-centred and lonely as the years passed by. His friends, after making an effort to continue their former friendship, and seeing these overtures were unwelcome, ceased to trouble him further. As the three years drew to a close, his caution and economies, now amounting to miserliness,

increased; and he began to look forward eagerly to the renewal of his power.

Now at last Christmas Eve was here once more, and to-night he must decide whether he would retain or relinquish it. He had been up to town in the morning and visited his banker and had been surprised at the size of his balance. He was a rich man now, but at the cost of the loss of friends and happiness. As he walked home, he was so content on his thoughts that he saw nothing of the scene around him; yet it was well worth his regard. The sun was sinking in the midst of red and golden clouds, showing through the trees like a stained-glass window in a gothic cathedral. The snow which lay soft and white all round was touched with the glow of sunset, like roses in a bed of alies; he saw nothing of all this.

He went over the events of the past three years; his economies had put him off from much he used to enjoy, fewer friends, fewer kindnesses, ever-growing isolation. He was a richer and a poorer man—richer in money and poorer in all that makes life worth living. His life was darker and greyer; he looked up just as the last gold and red tints were fading before the oncoming night. Yes, that was it, his miserliness, the result of his fatal gift, had drained his life of all warmth and colour just as night was taking all the sunset beauty from the sky and leaving it grey and cold.

Suddenly he made up his mind the gift must be returned, and then shaking off his customary slowness, he hurried homewards, anxious, now that the decision was made, to get rid of what had proved so injurious to him. He waited impatiently for the coming of the spirit.

He had not long to wait; again the shadowy form appeared, and Solomon, without waiting to be asked, cried out, "Take it, Spirit, take it away."

"I feared it would not bring you happiness," replied the spirit, "my fear was well founded. In future you will once more enjoy the ignorance which was once yours. Farewell for ever."

That night Solomon slept well and long, and awoke with a light heart.

He quickly returned to his old ways of living, renewing broken friendships and letting his kind heart have its way without let or hindrance.

He was fond of saying to those who wished to pry into the future, "It is better to know too little than too much, and if ignorance is not bliss, it is often a fairly good substitute for it."

Now whether this story is true, or whether Solomon dreamt it will never be known for certain, but this is known that after a period of excessive meanness Solomon Soloway became once more a generous benefactor and a kind friend, and as no other reason for his temporary lapse has been discovered than the one already given, it is reasonable to believe it is the true one.

* * * * *

When Mr. Pickwick finished the story the hour of departure was approaching. Farewells were spoken and all prepared to leave.

"I have been absent from London for some time," said Mr. Pickwick, "and during that time the London I knew has disappeared. The seemingly solid city has melted and the ever-moving river alone remains. To-day, when walking through the city, its hideous new buildings, its garish lights and threatening traffic had a nightmarish touch of unreality, and it is only here to-night where everyone is pretending to be someone else that I feel I am in a real world. Thus," observed Mr. Pickwick philosophically, "the unreal is the real and what seems permanent is fleeting."

He and Sam went to the door and found the City wrapped, as of old, in its ancient mantle of fog. "This," said Mr. Pickwick, "is delightful, London is itself once more."

Their figures were seen for a moment against the background of the fog, and then were swallowed up by that great Yellow Sea whose waves Britannia has never ruled, but whose presence is an adornment to her chief city and the secret delight of many of her children.

ELLEN TERNAN

WE have received a letter from Mr. Thomas Wright in reference to Mr. Ley's review of his *Life of Dickens*, in which he expresses surprise that Mr. Ley should doubt his word as to the information imparted to him by the late Canon Benham. "It seems equally strange to me," continues Mr. Wright, "that he should suppose Canon Benham capable of lying to me or that I could be capable myself of lying unblushingly. I remember the occasion to which I refer as if it were yesterday. I was careful at the time, that is just after our conversation, to note down Canon Benham's precise words, which are before me at this moment. The same remarks apply to the conversation with Mr. Hughes regarding the letters of Dickens to Miss Ternan. My statement that Mrs. Hogarth and her daughter Ellen regretted signing the statement appended to 'the violated letter,' is corroborated by a letter, copy of which is in my hands, from Helen Thomson (Mrs. Dickens's aunt) to Mrs. Stark, dated 20 August, 1858, but I am not permitted to print it, though I don't know why."

Mr. Wright tells us that since he wrote his book he has received further proofs in the matter, which will be shortly published elsewhere. This being so, we refrain from further comment at the moment; Mr. Ley will deal with the matter in due course.

THE SHOCKING POPULARITY OF MR. PICKWICK

In January Mr. S. J. Rust gave to the Hackney Branch a lecture with the above pleasant title. It was strange, said Mr. Rust, that a book hastily written, full of contradictions, and which broke all the accepted rules for writing a good story had become so amazingly popular. The story of Tony Weller deliberately upsetting voters into a canal was rather shocking, yet we loved it. The English people loved outdoor sports, yet they enjoyed the fun made of cricket shooting, and skating in *The Pickwick Papers*. A vote was taken recently on the question "Who is the most lovable character in fiction?" Mr. Pickwick came first and Sir Roger de Coverley second. Pickwick really was a bit of a humbug, at least at the beginning of the book, yet this year we were drinking to his immortal memory.

MASTER AND SAM

"You accept the situation?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Cert'nly," replied Sam. "If the clothes fit me half as well as the place, then they'll do."

* * * * *

"Sam! Where's my servant?"

"Here you are, Sir," said Mr. Weller, emerging from a sequestered spot, where he had been engaged in discussing a bottle of Madeira, which he had abstracted from the breakfast-table, an hour or two before. "Here's your servant, Sir. Proud o' the title, as the Living Skellington said, ven they show'd him."

* * * * *

"Well, what do you think of what your father says, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick with a smile.

"Think, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "why I think he's the victim o' conubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven he buried him."

* * * * *

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "I suppose they are getting the *abeas corpus* ready."

"Yes," said Sam, "and I vish they'd bring out the have-his-carcase. It's wery unpleasant keepin' us vaitin' here. I'd ha' got half a dozen have-his-carcases ready, pack'd up and all, by this time."

* * * * *

"Not one halfpenny," said Mr. Pickwick, firmly; "not one halfpenny."

"Hooroar for the principle, as the money-lender said ven he wouldn't renew the bill," observed Mr. Weller, who was clearing away the breakfast things.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "have the goodness to step downstairs."

"Cert'nly, Sir," replied Mr. Weller; and acting on Mr. Pickwick's gentle hint, Sam retired.

* * * * *

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, Sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, ven he swallowed a farden."

* * * * *

"What do you mean by 'hocussing' brandy and water?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Puttin' laud'num in it," replied Sam. "Blessed if she didn't send 'em all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over. They took one man up to the booth, in a truck, fast asleep, by way of experiment, but it was no go—they wouldn't poll him; so they brought him back, and put him to bed again."

"Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick; half speaking to himself, and half addressing Sam.

* * * * *

"Service, Sir," exclaimed Sam. "You may say that. Arter I'm away from the carrier, and afore I took up with the vagginer, had unfurnished lodgin's for a fortnight."

"Unfurnished lodgings?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes—the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge. Fine sleeping-place—

vithin ten minutes' walk of all the public offices—only if there is any objection to it, it is that the sitation's *rayther* too airy."

* * * * *

"Delightful prospect, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Beats the chimbley pots, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

"I suppose you have hardly seen anything but chimney-pots and bricks and mortar, all your life, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling.

"I worn't always a boots, Sir," said Mr. Weller, with a shake of the head. "I was a vagginer's boy, once."

"When was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"When I vas first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles," replied Sam. "I vas a carrier's boy at startin': then a vagginer's, then a helper, then a boots. Now I'm a gen'lm'n's servant. I shall be a gen'lm'n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? I shouldn't be surprised, for one."

* * * * *

"Person's a waitin'," said Sam, epigrammatically.

"Does the person want me, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He wants you partickler; and no one else'll do, as the Devil's private secretary said, ven he fetched away Doctor Faustus," replied Mr. Weller.

"He. Is it a gentleman?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"A wery good imitation o' one, if it an't," replied Mr. Weller.

* * * * *

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "What's the matter now?"

"Here's *rayther* a rum go, Sir," replied Sam.

"What?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"This here, Sir," rejoined Sam. "I'm wery much afeerd, Sir, that the properiator o' this here coach is a playin' some imperence vith us."

"How is that, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick; "aren't the names down on the way-bill?"

"The names is not only down on the vay-bill, Sir," replied Sam, "but they've painted vun on 'em up, on the door o' the coach." As Sam spoke, he pointed to that part of the coach door on which the propriator's name usually appears; and there sure enough, in gilt letters of a goodly size, was the magic name of PICKWICK!

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, quite staggered by the coincidence; "what a very extraordinary thing!"

"Yes, but that ain't all," said Sam, again directing his master's attention to the coach door; "not content vith writin' up Pickwick, they puts 'Moses' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langidge arterwards."

* * * * *

Mr. Pickwick . . . looked vacantly in Sam's face for a few seconds, and heaved a deep sigh.

"What's the matter, Sir?" enquired Sam.

"This action, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "is expected to come on, on the fourteenth of next month."

"Remarkable coincidence that 'ere, Sir," replied Sam.

"Why remarkable, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Walentine's day, Sir," responded Sam; "reg'lar good day for a breach o' promise trial."

BUSS'S *PICKWICK* PICTURES

AN IMPORTANT LETTER

THE following letter now published for the first time is an historical document of very particular interest at the moment. Buss has suffered quite unfairly from his association with *Pickwick*. In this letter, as well as in the Statement which he wrote for his children, there is evidently a bitterness which cannot but evoke sympathy. What should be said in justice to Buss is that his bitterness was not born of chagrin due to disappointment at his not being associated with the most successful book in the history of our literature. Approached by the publishers in what was to them a serious emergency, he refused to lay aside his other work—he was an established artist at the time—in order to illustrate what in everybody's eyes was merely just one of the numerous ephemeral publications that were on the market at the time. Besides, he pointed out that he could not etch. Still pressed, he yielded. But he could not master the etching process in a fortnight, and had to put his plates out to a professional etcher. In consequence the whole spirit and line of his work was ruined. The publishers, placed in a really desperate position, gave him no further opportunity and engaged young Browne. Buss always maintained that if he had been given another chance—a little forbearance—he would have succeeded. Work that he did within a month or two justified the claim. But the situation was serious for the publishers and they decided they could not take a further risk. Buss always claimed that he was entitled to better consideration, having regard to all the circumstances. He was angered by what he described as his cavalier treatment, put aside all his etching tools, and tried to forget what then had no real significance in his career. But *Pickwick* soon became famous, and he presently began to hear himself alluded to as the artist who had failed. It must have been very exasperating to a man of his standing, and when Forster's book was published, with its merely passing reference to him, he was greatly hurt. He wrote this letter to Forster. It is a pity Forster's reply has not been preserved. Buss's eldest son told me in 1907 that Forster wrote an extremely manly letter, declaring that there was no intention of slighting Buss, admitting ignorance of the facts, and promising to put matters right in subsequent editions of his book. He did not live to do this, so that it is all the more important for Buss's memory's sake that this document should see the light of day. The letter shows clearly enough that Buss was by no means actuated by any petty motives. His tribute to Phiz proves that he was a man above mean thoughts. He was only anxious to have justice done to his own reputation as an artist. Let it be done, even at this late time.—J. W. T. L.

14, Camden St., Camden Town.

Decr. 11. 1871.

Dear Sir,

Accept *my* thanks in company with thousands of others' for the admirable manner in which you have treated the life of our great novelist.

Many years ago I used to read his contributions to the "Morning Chronicle," when he first appeared in print and I persisted in reading them to my friends, by some of whom it was considered as a bore, until the freshness and fun of Dickens, at that time Boz, fairly took them by storm, and they acknowledged that he was a clever writer for the *lower orders*.

Nor was this estimation confined to my circle of friends, for in what is called "society" Dickens's great talent was pooh poohed as applicable only to persons of *no refinement*. The vulgar (not the refined and academical gentlemen) hailed Dickens as a great humorist, sounded his praises, bought his books, and absolutely forced him upwards by immense popularity, until the refined gentlemen were obliged to acknowledge his great genius and admit him into their "exceeding soft society."

As all concerning our ever dear novelist is matter of literary history, it may be interesting to you to know a little more about *Pickwick* than is published.

Seymour the caricaturist and designer, having a keen relish for the fun of cockney sporting, he living at Islington, and seeing the boys fishing in the new river and the ponds, shooting sparrows and such like, thought that a cockney sporting club might work up his many ideas on that subject, and being engaged upon designs for Chapman and Hall, mentioned this to these gentlemen. The idea struck them as a good one, and they proposed the writing of the letter press to various authors. One declined it after another. At last on a visit of business at Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Seymour had a two volume edition of Boz's *Sketches* given to him (they had just purchased it of Macrone). He was to read them and see if the author was likely to carry out his "club" idea.

Seymour took home Boz's *Sketches*, and it happened there was a family party assembled at his house. Out came Boz, and Seymour, himself a funny fellow, read the *Sketches* so as to convulse his friends with laughter. One and all declared that Boz, and Boz only, was the very man to write the letter-press. Seymour then decided that Boz should be applied to, and in consequence of Seymour's wish, Messrs. Chapman and Hall arranged with Dickens for the *Pickwick*.

Mr. Chapman claims the suggestion of Mr. Pickwick being a stout gentleman. Still the immortal Pickwick in his externals emanated from Seymour. As we know, Dickens soon threw off the club machinery and took his own inimitable style of fun.

The book made a great impression *on the vulgar*, became popular, yet was in a state of jeopardy from the change proposed by Dickens. Just at this critical time, poor Seymour, worn out with brain work and little pecuniary remuneration, shot himself through the head, and then the *Pickwick* was brought to a stand-still. Chapman and Hall were of course in an anxious state of mind about the book and were at their wits' end for an artist to spring up and carry on the work, equal to Seymour's.

My friend John Jackson, the eminent wood engraver, mentioned my name to them, and Mr. Hall called upon me to know if I would undertake the work. I told him that I had never even had an etching needle in my hand and that I was entirely unacquainted with the practice of etching. At the same time I greatly admired Dickens or rather Boz's writing, and if I could render assistance in

the matter I was quite willing to do so. Upon this he urged me to set to work, the remuneration to be £1. 10. 0 for *the designs, the etching and the steel for two subjects*.

Upon this I laid aside a picture I was then engaged upon, and procuring a steel plate made my first essay in laying grounds, etching and "biting in" a subject on a steel plate. The subject I selected, after hard practice of a fortnight almost day and night, was Mr. Pickwick at the "review" when a soldier confronts him. I then prepared two designs which were much liked, "Mr. Tupman and Miss Wardle in the Arbour" and the "Cricket match."

Time pressed, all were anxious, letters were sent by admirers of the *Pickwick* begging to know when the work would be resumed. Great sympathy was expressed for poor Seymour's sad suicide, and having had but very very little practice in the difficult manipulation of etching, in an evil hour I placed my designs in the hands of a professional etcher. The result was excellent "biting in," but the designs came out stiff and unsatisfactory; it, in fact, not being my work at all but a tracing only from my drawing.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall then cut down the designs from four to two per number and increased the letter-press. I am quite willing to admit that my alleged illustrations were not good, but the whole affair was in a sad mess at that particular time, and I had done what I hoped would serve the best purpose under the very pressing circumstances of the case.

I now complain of what I consider discourteous treatment. I had put aside my painting, had given up my time to *practice a new art*, had made numerous sketches to select from, when without the slightest explanation or chance being given to me to *re-etch my designs myself*, the work was taken from me and placed in the hands of Mr. Hablot Browne. I contend that it was due to me to have some consideration for my efforts to carry on the work which I could have done, but instead of that, with no apology, no consideration whatever, the work was abruptly taken from me. Mr. Browne himself having had practice in etching, I believe in Messrs. Findens' study, was able to etch a trifle better than I could, but his first designs were *so poor* that they had to be *re-etched*.

The technical process of "biting-in" is one that requires great experience. In this respect Seymour's designs were all defective; so were Browne's, so much so that all the designs made by Mr. Browne for Dickens's books were "bitten in" by an experienced engraver, all or most of them being finished by Mr. Sands, who gave effect to them by burnishing and "re-biting." For *this* he charged, as he told me, *as much* as I was to have received for the designs, the etching and the plate itself.

You see, my dear Sir, the whole affair was by unfortunate circumstances singularly annoying to me, and made worse by the precipitancy of Chapman and Hall. As it turned out, they made a good choice in Mr. Browne. I have no doubt whatever I should have righted everything by *re-etching* and doing the work myself, had I had the same consideration shown me that Mr. Browne experienced. This however I was not to have, and to this hour the whole affair is painful to me.

I thank you for the quiet mention of *my name*: it has not been always so in the memoirs of our dear Dickens. Many years have

now elapsed since the *Pickwick* business, and it is only when I find my name referred to, that the painful part of my early career as an artist is revived.

For Mr. Hablot Browne I have the greatest regard as an artist and illustrator of our great novelist. He has entirely entered into the feeling of Dickens in his admirable designs for his works. The outward bodily form of Dickens's characters is stamped upon the public mind by Phiz. Witness Sam Weller, old Weller, Squeers, the Shepherd, Captain Cuttle, Dombey, Brothers Cheerible, Barnaby Rudge, and the whole gallery of portraits. So highly do I estimate Mr. Browne's work that I think he has never had his due. You, I believe, are the only author of memoirs of Dickens who pays proper attention to the very great share Mr. Browne had in the immense popularity of Dickens.

George Cruikshank himself being a giant of old needed no one to put forth his claims: yet Bumble, Sikes, Oliver, the Dodger, Fagin, Nancy, Mr. Brownlow, are all embodied in the public mind and share in it with Charles Dickens. There is a feeling of ingratitude about publishers and managers towards those they employ; thus Browne successfully illustrated many works by Charles Dickens. He was set aside for Mr. Cattermole, and in the later works of Charles Dickens other artists have been engaged to the excluding of the talent of Phiz.

This is not as it ought to be; but, *excepting in your instance*, Mr. Browne's fair share of popularity has been entirely swamped in the blaze of glory surrounding our great novelist. Dickens and Browne, or Boz and Phiz, ascended together in the public estimation, but poor Phiz has been ungratefully overlooked.

Believe me, dear Sir,
with my best thanks
very sincerely yours
R. W. BUSS.



"AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY"*

Of the 234 pages in this book only 109 are devoted to a biography of Dickens which is neither "intimate" nor complete; and there are so many errors concerning Dickens's life, that one wonders from what sources the authors obtained their information. Thus we read that the birthplace was a "squalid house," the blacking establishment was in a cellar, the salary of John Dickens was "the meagre sum of eight pounds per year," the master at Wellington House Academy was the original of Squeers, Doctors Commons was a police court (Dickens as a reporter there receiving five guineas a week); that Dickens quarrelled with Cruikshank, with the result that Seymour was chosen to illustrate *Pickwick*; that Dickens "joined the staff" of *Household Words* in 1850 and so on.

The writers of this book are evidently such real admirers of Dickens that we are sorry to show lack of appreciation of their mis-named production. The character studies which make up the greater part of the book are on the whole well done.

* "Boz; an intimate Biography of Charles Dickens," by Joseph C. Boorman and James L. Hart. The Stratford Co., Boston. \$2.

SPECULATIONS ON THE SOURCE OF BARDELL *versus* PICKWICK

By PERCY T. CARDEN

NOT the least astonishing feature of the genius of Dickens is his ability to transmute the most sordid facts of actual occurrence into the most amusing fancies of imaginative fiction. Who but Dickens would have dared to select the trial of a Prime Minister of England for alleged adultery, as a theme for adaptation into the most entertaining comic law report in the whole of English literature?

An analysis of the newspaper report of "*Norton versus Lord Viscount Melbourne*" proves conclusively that this action of crim: con: was the source of the breach of promise suit brought by Mrs. Bardell against Mr. Pickwick. The proof is clinched when it is known that Dickens himself reported the case in 26 columns of "*The Morning Chronicle*." At the same time Dickens was in no sense a plagiarist, and the differences between the two cases far outnumber the similarities.

Norton v. Melbourne was heard on 22nd June, 1836 (that is while *Pickwick* was being written) in the Court of Common Pleas in Westminster Hall before L.C.J. Tindall and a Special Jury. Sir William Follett, Mr. Crowder, and Mr. Bayley were for the plaintiff; the Attorney-General, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and Mr. Thesiger for the defendant.

We are not informed that there was a very crowded court to witness the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial, but Dickens must have had in mind the exceedingly overcrowded state of the court when he reported the *Norton v. Melbourne* case, for he makes Mr. Pickwick's lawyer say, "Time we were off, my dear Sir; breach of promise trial—court is generally full in such cases."

This is how Dickens opened his report of the case in "*The Morning Chronicle*":—

"The galleries and body of the court were filled before the public doors were thrown open, so high a sum as five, and in some cases we believe even ten guineas having been given for a seat . . . the heat and crowding can be very imperfectly imagined.

"Every possible facility that could be given to the reporters was afforded, but the difficulties of ingress and egress were, notwithstanding, very great." The report then complains that many members of the Bar, unconnected with the case, forced their way into the court out of mere curiosity, thereby greatly impeding the work of the reporters. "It would be better," it was suggested, "to provide some small gallery for the reception of these persons, and to appoint an officer with strict instructions to remove them in the event of their misconducting themselves."

A stern rebuke in Dickens's best style.

"The Lord Chief Justice finding that the noise and disturbance occasioned by the crowded state of the court rendered it quite impossible to proceed, ordered the doors to be closed. The confusion however

increasing rather than diminishing, the Attorney General rose and said that unless some precautions were taken to preserve order it would be quite impossible to proceed with the case. The Chief Justice replied that if the noise did not subside he should certainly adjourn the court. Silence having been partially restored the proceedings commenced."

Mr. Bayley "opened the case" with the brevity of Mr. Skimpin, and left the jury when he sat down, "in precisely the same advanced state of wisdom as they were in before."

Sir Wm. Follett: "Gentlemen of the jury, it is impossible that I can rise to address you on this occasion without feeling deeply sensible of the painful task which is imposed upon me." A tame opening this, compared with the eloquence of Sergeant Buzfuz, "Never in the whole course of my professional experience, etc."

"The plaintiff, Mr. Norton," Counsel went on, "is the brother and heir presumptive of Lord Grantley. Mrs. Norton is the daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan and to considerable beauty and great personal attractions she adds a great deal of the talent for which that family has been so long distinguished. They were married in July, 1827, Mr. Norton was at that time 27 years of age, Miss Sheridan was 19. It was a marriage of affection, at least on the part of Mr. Norton; I may say of the most unbounded affection. They took a house near Storey's Gate and Birdcage Walk—the first house with two entrances, one in Princes Court and another from Storey's Gate by the Park."

"At the time of the marriage," Sir Wm. Follett proceeded, "Lord Melbourne was not acquainted with either of the parties. Mr. Norton had been a Commissioner of Bankrupts, that office was reduced; Mrs. Norton wrote to Lord Melbourne, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, who had been acquainted with some of her family, to request his interference on behalf of her husband. He called in answer to that note and shortly afterwards appointed Mr. Norton police magistrate for the Whitechapel District. After this Lord Melbourne became a constant visitor at the house in Storey's Gate. He came to the house constantly 3 or 4 times a week.

"Now I think the evidence I am going to submit to you will satisfy your minds that very shortly after the acquaintance between Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton commenced, a criminal intercourse occurred between them, which was continued for a very considerable time." This was the fact which the evidence failed so completely to establish. You are, of course, aware that in all cases of this sort it rarely happens that you prove the actual commission of the offence—you convict the parties by circumstantial evidence.

The first thing that strikes one is this:—The house opens into Birdcage Walk and that is a public entrance; but it has another entrance from Princes Court behind, and Lord Melbourne always entered by the gate behind. The door towards Birdcage Walk was generally used by visitors, and to one coming from the Home Office it was the more convenient, but Lord Melbourne never went in by

that entrance, but always through Princes Court. Was that the visit of a friend or like any other person coming to the house ?

Here we will interrupt Counsel again to tell you the fate of his first point. His first witness, Mr. W. F. Norton, examined by Mr. Bayley, gave non-committal evidence about his own visits to the Nortons' house. Cross-examined by the A.-G. he anticipated the unfortunate Mr. Winkle not so much in the manner in which he gave his evidence as in its effect on the point he was put forward to prove.

"I don't know," he was asked, "whether you went into the house by Princes Court or Birdcage Walk ?" "I entered by Princes Court," he answered. "You had no bad design on Mrs. Norton I hope ?" "I hope not." "Did you almost always enter by Princes Court ?" "Almost always." "The door in Princes Court has a knocker, has it not ?" "It has." "And a brass plate with Mr. Norton's name on it ?" "It has." "Has it a bell also and a No. 2 ?" "It has a bell and is the second door in the Court." "That is what you consider the street door then." "Yes." "The door from the Park is a private door, leading through the dining room ?" "It goes into the dining room." "Is there any brass plate on it or any knocker or not ?" "I never observed any." "Is it a glass door like a window ?" "It is."

After that evidence, little more was heard from the plaintiff's Counsel about the first point he had attempted to make against Lord Melbourne.

Space does not permit us to examine the evidence further, but before Sir Wm. Follett, in his address to the jury, reaches the circumstance which indissolubly links Norton *v.* Melbourne with Bardell *v.* Pickwick I must state that the A.-G. was not far out when he said of the witnesses examined for the plaintiff that they were comprised of persons who were either wholly unworthy of belief or who spoke to facts utterly immaterial.

"There is another fact," continued Sir Wm. Follett. "Notes were constantly interchanged between Mrs. Norton and Lord Melbourne. Where are these notes ? Whether they were destroyed or kept I have no means of knowing. It may be they were destroyed and if they contain no more than three notes in the handwriting of Lord Melbourne which have since been found probably they were destroyed.

"These three notes relate only to his hours of calling on Mrs. Norton, nothing more ; but there is something in their style which, trivial as they are, seems to my mind at least to lead to something like suspicion. Here is one :—

"'I will call about half past four. Yours, Melbourne.' They do not commence My Dear Mrs. Norton, or with any form which is usual with a gentleman writing to a lady. Here is another : 'How are you ?' No beginning like any other letter. 'I shall not be able to call to-day, but probably shall to-morrow.'

"Surely this is not the note which would be written by a gentleman ordinarily acquainted with a lady. Nor this : 'No House to-day ; will call after the levee, about four or half past ; if you wish it later let me know. I will then explain about going to Vauxhall.'

"The style and form of address of these notes, Gentlemen, seem to import much more than the words they contain. Cautiously, I admit, they are worded; there are none of those professions of love which are to be found in an ordinary love letter; but still they are not the letters of an ordinary acquaintance or friend."

This is how the A.-G. discharged his easy task of disposing of these letters.

"But then there are the letters—three were given in evidence. These we have a right to suppose had been selected. This is the *grandis et verbosa epistola*, 'I will call about half-past four or five. Yours, Melbourne.' And because there is this and no more you are to presume that an adulterous intercourse was carried on between the parties."

Those who expect to find in Norton v. Melbourne any trace of the episode in which Sam Weller informed the Court of what the soldier said will be disappointed. Indeed, Sam has no prototype in the actual trial, just as Mr. Winkle is only faintly adumbrated there.

The one amusing witness was a comic coachman, John Flook, who was in Mr. Norton's service till he was dismissed in circumstances which he will presently explain himself. Flook was called by the plaintiff to prove that he found Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton together in the drawing-room in compromising circumstances, the details of which we need not repeat since the jury disbelieved the incredible evidence given by Flook.

Cross-examined by the A.-G., Flook was asked, "While you were in Mrs. Norton's service did you carry on any business?" "Yes, I had a cab and a horse." "Is that all?" "I had a fly." "Anything more?" "No, nothing more but a gig" (laughter). "I hired them out." "Oh! you hired them out when you were in Mr. Norton's service?" "Yes, to help maintain my family." "You were then living in a cellar in Monmouth Street carrying on this business of yours?" "Yes." "Have you continued to live in that cellar?" "No. I have been to the country." "Have you been to see your friends in the country?" "I went to Wonersh." "What took you there?" "I went down by the coach." "Is that your answer?" "I went down with my wife and children." "Bag and baggage?" "Yes" (laughter). "Have you been living at Wonersh since?" "Oh yes." "Does Lord Grantley live there?" "Yes." "Is Lord Grantley in Court?" "Yes, on the bench." . . . "How have you been employed?" "I amused myself as well as I could." "Did you go out fishing or shooting?" "I have been out fishing" (laughter). . . . "Did you ever see Lord Grantley?" "Thrice while I was there and spoke to him once." "Did he examine you?" "He never put a question to me." "Were you examined at Wonersh?" "I was once seen by the solicitor." "Have you not said that you were under examination for nine days?" "Not to my recollection." "Will you swear you have not said so?" "Not to my recollection." "Try to recollect." "I cannot; I might have said so, but I cannot recollect." . . . "You had a good place at

Norton's?" "While living at Norton's I had a very bad place." "Yet you continued there four years?" "I did, on half wages; and if it had not been for my cab and horses I should have starved." "How was it you left Mr. Norton's?" "To tell the truth I got a drop too much. It was a Court Day and we generally have a drop at such a time. Mr. and Mrs. Norton fell out in the carriage, and of course they put the spite on me and so I was discharged" (laughter). "You took a drop too much, eh?" "I don't know who does not at times, we are all alike for that, masters and servants" (great laughter).

There we must leave Mr. Flook and his evidence, of which there were many columns more.

The last witness was Mrs. Norton's cook, who was called to prove that there had been a small blue trunk with letters in it in the drawing-room, but persisted in saying that she "did not observe anything at all."

Much of the Attorney-General's address consisted of a summary of the evidence and its dismissal as either irrelevant or false. He also asked, "Why was not Lord Grantley called?" He was sitting upon the bench during the whole of the trial. He would say nothing of the taste which had led him to do so; but there he was, the brother of the plaintiff, the master of Wonersh, to which had gone down the Flooks and the Cumminses; he could have explained the communications he had had with them; but Lord Grantley had not been called. He remained mute on the bench; he was merely present from curiosity, or perhaps to grace the cause.

The L.C.J. then commenced summing up the case, concluding with a special recommendation to the jury that if the evidence was so weak as not to satisfy them that the act was committed they would find a verdict for the defendant; but if they considered it was so strong that they must infer that the act of adultery had been committed, then they must find a verdict accordingly.

At the conclusion: The foreman of the jury instantly addressed the Court and said, "My Lord, we are agreed. It is my duty to say that the verdict is for the defendant."

"This announcement was received with a loud burst of applause, mingled with a few hisses from the persons who crowded the back part of the court."

Someone exclaimed, "Bravo," and several persons commenced cheering.

The L.C.J. rose from the bench, observing that this was most disgraceful conduct, and called upon the police to bring before him any person whom they could perceive guilty of this contempt of Court.



DICKENSIAN PEEPS INTO "PUNCH"

DIRECTED BY THE EDITOR

III.

ALTHOUGH there must have been an abundance of happenings at home and abroad to make our parents' and our grand-parents' flesh creep, it is a curious fact that the famous Fat Boy was not used by any "Punch" cartoonist until 1884, and it is most interesting to see how different artists have since depicted this remarkable youngster.

Almost invariably he is seeking to make an old lady's flesh creep, and most often she is sitting, as Dickens made her sit, in the comfort of her arbour. There have been a few differences, however, and we shall note them in examining the drawings.

The first "Punch" artist to depict the Fat Boy was Linley Sambourne in a cartoon on 28th June, 1884. It appeared at the time when Lord Rosebery made his first proposals for the reform of the House of Lords. The artist represented the Lords as a sufficiently grandmotherly person, but, unfortunately, the person responsible for the letter-press below the cartoon was caught napping and wrote referring to the Grandmother as "the elderly maiden aunt." The error was corrected the next week by the following paragraph:—



Half page cartoon by Linley Sambourne,
28 June, 1884

"WE SPEAK UNDER CORRECTION."—JINGLE Junior, of Dingley Dell, writes, *à propos* of our Pickwickian Scene picture last week, to remind us that it was the old Grandmother whose flesh the Fat Boy wanted to make creep. "J. J." is quite right, and the old Grandmother, as representing the Upper House, is more appropriate. Evidently we shouldn't have come off with the first prize in the late C.S.C.'s celebrated Pickwick Examination,—and yet we thought we were pretty well up in our DICKENS.

Sambourne returned to the Fat Boy, still Lord Rosebery, twelve years later (31st October, 1896), when the Prime Minister had been referring to the great advance Germany had been making in its technical education. He was "afraid of the Germans," he said; we were thirty years behind them; the facts, if published, would be enough to "make all your hair stand on end." And so on.

In some amusing letterpress accompanying the picture, the Fat boy is made to say: "Technical Teutons. Cunning tow-headed



THE POLITICAL FAT BOY, AGAIN.

Old Lady (who is timorous), "LAWD! WHAT CAN YOU WANT NOW!"
Fat Boy, "I WANTS TO MAKE YER FLESH CREEP!" (Pickwick Papers.)

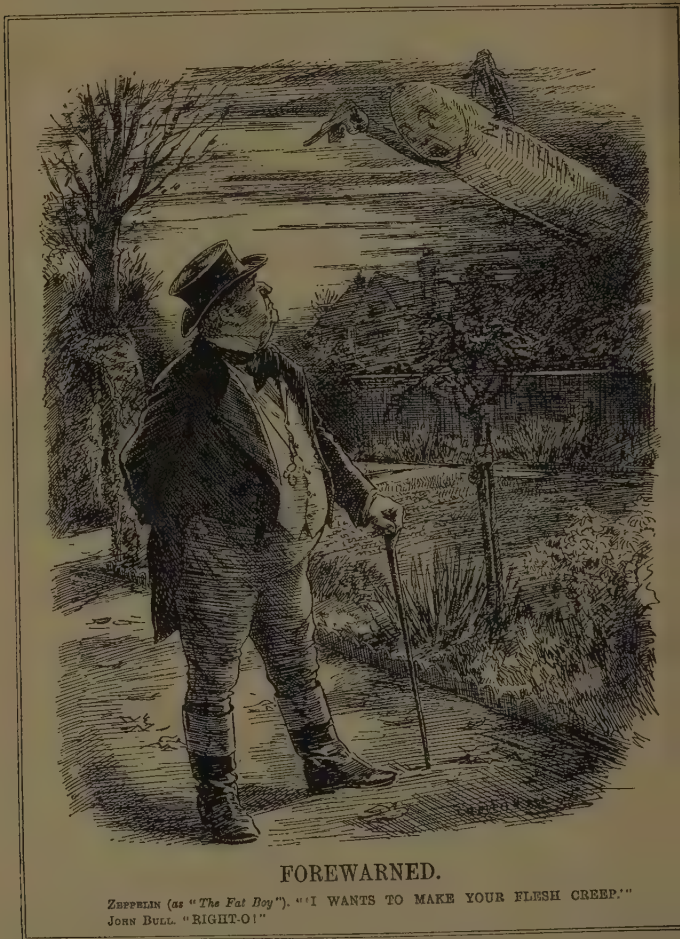
[Lord ROSEBERRY at Colchester said that an inquiry by the Chambers of Commerce into the progress of technical and commercial education in Germany would produce a compact and handy volume which would make *all your hair stand on end*!]

The German Peril I.

Linley Sambourne's Cartoon in "Punch," 31 October, 1896

commercial travellers, fellows thirty years ahead of you in teaching, who mean to deprive you of your favourite arbour, and collar all your trade—ah! and are a-doing of it, too, like one o'clock!"

"Good gracious, boy!" cried the Old Lady; "what *do* you mean, and what do you want to do now?"



The German Peril II.

Raven Hill's Cartoon in "Punch," 4 November, 1914

"*I wants to make yer flesh creep,*" replied the Fat Boy.
And the next-but-one Fat Boy cartoon was on a matter which was certainly intended to make the flesh of all of us creep, but

iled to succeed. We refer to the Zeppelin threat of 1914, which as the subject of Mr. Raven Hill's cartoon of 4th November in that year.

The publication, complete in one number of "Lippincott's Magazine" what "Punch" declared to be "Oscar Wilde's wildest and oscarest work called 'Dorian Gray,' a weird and sensational romance," was the occasion for the small drawing by E. T. Reed on 19th July, 1900, reproduced below.

The least satisfactory of the Fat Boy cartoons in "Punch" is obviously that which appeared in the issue of 14th August, 1912.

was the work of

H. Townsend, who as responsible for several excellent Dickens cartoons, to which we shall refer later on. The occasion was the accession of the Master of Libbank to the House of Lords, and the inversion of the famous words of this "nice specimen of a prizefighter" has not enhanced their value. It will be noticed that in this picture the old lady is seated in her room instead of in the parlour (see page 115). On the other hand, the better Fat Boy cartoons have ever appeared than the two



PARALLEL.

Joe, the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, startles the Old Lady; Oscar, the Fat Boy in Lippincott's, startles Mrs. Grundy.

Oscar, the Fat Boy. "I want to make your flesh creep!"

Oscar Wilde as the Fat Boy

By E. T. Reed, 19 July, 1890

drawn in recent years by Mr. Bernard Partridge and published at exact interval of a year (see page 114). It was a brilliant idea to interpose for once a "Thin Boy" to say nothing of the fact of Mr. De Valera's physique being entirely unsuitable for the original Joe. But some cartoonists are not always so particular!

On page 50 of our last number we reproduced a Stiggins cartoon of Linley Sambourne. It is curious that so fruitful a character has been used by "Punch" on only one other occasion. This was in 1891, not long after the London County Council came into being. Again Sambourne supplied the full-page drawing. It was of a proposed baldic device for that new body. In it he made a central figure of Stiggins, who was represented as supporting one side of the shield, whilst Paul Pry was on the other; above was a beadle's hat with the word "Bumbledom" on the gold braid.

IV.

We must now continue from the last number the record of the literary allusions to *The Pickwick Papers* in "Punch."

During the boom days of cycling, among the "Hints for Biking Beginners" (14th May, 1898), aspirants were recommended to engage a friend in interesting conversation while mounting, *à la* Mr. Winkle and Sam Weller on the ice.

In 1900, when the latest "catchword" was "There's 'air,'" "Punch" bemoaned the disappearance of Cockney wit in a poem of four verses, one of which declared:—

Sam Weller would squirm within his grave,
And even Joe Miller would turn and rave,
If they ever heard the modern wags declare
"There's 'air."

It was a foolish expression certainly, but only a forerunner of "Beaver," some twenty years later. "Punch" lost a chance then of a cryptic reference to the patriarchal Mr. Casby, just as during the "There's 'air" craze, it failed to take advantage of the existence of Tommy Traddles and Mr. Panks.

After the Boz Club had made one of their earliest pilgrimages to Rochester, F. C. Burnand wrote a column in the issue of 19th June 1901, headed "To Gad's Hill and Back (From a Pickwickian Note Book)."

On 31st May, 1911, Messrs. Graves and Lucas supplied two columns



THE THIN BOY AND THE FAT BOY

Illustration by Bernard Partridge. "ALL RIGHT GO ON I'M WAITING."



THE FAT BOY FOILED.

The Fat Boy, having the better of Parliament, undressed in the delirium "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, I'M GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE MORE OF THE SAME."

The Thin Boy and The Fat Boy

13 December, 1933

12 December, 1934

Reduced facsimiles of two of Mr. Bernard Partridge's recent "Punch" cartoons

aded "Dickens Post-Marks," which in reality was an enquiry into certain omissions and discrepancies which have often been pointed out, but one at least is new, Chapter 5. How did the Pickwickians' gigage get to Manor Farm? The writers threw out the excellent suggestion that somebody ought to write a specimen chapter or so of Smorltork's book, which might provide an opportunity for being in print for the first time one of Mr. Snodgrass's poems, and a complimentary address to Mrs. Leo Hunter. Apropos this lady, an "improvement" on her famous "ode" is given in "Punch" for 4th December, 1886, where appears "Ode to an Expiring Fog," the verse of which we quote:

Once again can I respire,
See the lamp-posts, spot the
spire,
Leave off coughing, quit
the fire,
Townward jog,
Expiring fog.

"Punch" humour is essentially topical, and much of it is ephemeral. There must have been some real virtue thirty years ago in the following very labourd *Pickwick* joke (issue of 21st June, 1905). It must have been considered at the

me to have some special merit, as it was adorned with a special heading in thick type, "From Messrs. Sawyer, late Knockemorf." read:—

"Surgical Query. What is the most simple and at the same time most effectual treatment for any one with water on the brain? Scientific Answer. Give him a good tap on the head."

The ever-green Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has naturally had its reflections on Dickens, and there have been two such articles in "Punch" which have taken *Pickwick* as their theme. The first was on 14th September, 1910. "Who was Dickens?" asks the headline with "The Latest Literary Sensation" as the sub-heading. And really a clever device is brought forward to prove that it was Doctor Johnson who really wrote the famous novels.

Samuel is the name not only of the famous lexicographer, but of both Mr. *Pickwick* and Mr. Weller. The authorship is proved in the following ingenious manner. First, we write down the consonants of the English language, and give a number to each—let B equal one, C two, and so on. Now apply these numbers to the consonants in *Pickwick* and Weller. In each case the result is a total of 50. The same application to Charles and Dickens will not give a similar result, but the affinity of Samuel with both Weller and *Pickwick* suggests



Half-page cartoon by F. H. Townsend,
14 August, 1912

another famous author, Johnson, and an application of the figures to the consonants of that worthy's name will also produce a total of fifty. The word "Posthumous" attached to the original title of the book says the author of this ingenious theory points not to the Club being dead, but the author of the papers; hence Johnson being dead —

"Who Wrote Dickens?" was the subject for a couple of columns on 25th September, 1918, supposed to have been drawn from "The Daily Meteor" of April 1st, 2218. This dealt with the Gladstonian theory as propounded at the Charles Chaplin Literary Institute. Among the several proofs of Gladstone's authorship is one on the subject of the Ivy Green cipher, where the word "Glad" is made up from one letter taken from each of the first four lines, and to this is added the last word but one of the verse, that word being "stone."

(The pictures accompanying this article are reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch.")



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PICKWICK IN SWEDEN

BY DR. W. UHRSTRÖM

I HAVE made a survey of the Swedish translations of *The Pickwick Papers* in the possession of The Royal Library in Stockholm.

The first, by L. A. Malmgren, was published by Albert Bonnier in Stockholm in 1861. It was printed by I. A. Walldén in two volumes, not sold separately."

Next there was a translation by C. J. Backman in 1871, printed by Iwar Haeggström in Stockholm and issued in parts like the original, each at the price of "one riksdaler riksmünt." This translation was reprinted in Leipzig in 1921. A "somewhat abridged" cheap edition was published in Stockholm in 1907 as part of the series "Berömda böcker" (Famous Books).

An "unabridged translation" by Edvin Möller, "with illustrations from the old English drawings of the original," appeared in four volumes in 1925, published by the Skandinavia Company Ltd. in Malmö. In the series called "Världslitteraturen, De stora Mästerverken" ("Literature of the World, The Great Masterpieces") Albert Bonnier's Publishing House in Stockholm issued the translation of August and Élie Brunius, in two volumes printed in Helsingfors, in 1927.

At last, there is the "unabridged translation direct from the English original" by Fil. kand. John Torkelson, published by "Världslitteraturens Förlag," Malmö, in 1929.

It need hardly be said that later translations generally show a development towards greater simplicity of language and a more fluent rendering of especially such things as titles, institutions, etc.

Brunius's translation is certainly the one that is of the greatest interest from every point of view. It is without hesitation to be counted among our classical translations, like Hagberg's translation of Shakespeare and Viktor Rydberg's of Goethe's "Faust."

What adds greatly to its value are the splendid notes, based on the results of the latest researches.

Among details may be observed the rendering of Count Smoltork to Mrs. Leo Hunter's party. The Count is clearly characterized as a foreigner by his speech—in Swedish there is a classical method of doing this by letting the person in question use every verb in the infinitive.

Mr. Pickwick has appeared on the Swedish stage in two different versions—the first of these is mentioned in Fitzgerald's Dictionary.

This was on September 2nd, 1889, at "Svenska Teatern" in Stockholm. The play was called "Mr. Pickwick," Popular Comedy in five acts after Charles Dickens's novel *The Pickwick Papers*, by P. Ristrup (a Dane). Free translation by Frans Hedberg. Mr. Pickwick was acted by Mr. Svedberg, and Sam by Mr. Victor Holmquist, a very popular comedian of those days. Jingle's part was acted in Danish by Mr. Dorph-Petersen. The play had a fair success for its time.

One of the greatest successes of The Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm

was "The Pickwick Club," which had its first night on Boxing Day in 1931, and was then on for the whole year of 1932.

It was dramatized by Frantisek Langer, a Czechoslovakian writer, and translated into Swedish by O. Molander. Mr. Pickwick, rendered by Mr. Kåge, was really strikingly like the original. Mr. Winnerstrand represented Jingle as the most charming rogue, whose power over the hearts of the fair sex was easily understood. Sam, Mr. Henricson, also greatly appealed to the audience—however, as a critic expressed it, suggesting more of "Eken" (a slang name for Stockholm) than of London. The play will probably be taken up again now and then.

As a slight contribution to the spreading of the knowledge of *Pickwick* among my countrymen I may perhaps modestly mention my own selection in the original language of the most famous chapters in *The Pickwick Papers*, edited with notes and a vocabulary for Swedish schools. It was published in 1913 and reprinted in 1922.

There are many Swedish Pickwick enthusiasts and Pickwickian allusions and quotations are often seen and heard.

As a motto of his satirical description "Det nya riket" ("The New Kingdom") August Strindberg quotes this famous passage:

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces from the by-standers; and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words—

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A What?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

SOME DICKENS LETTERS ABOUT *PICKWICK*

THE first letter of Dickens concerning the writing of *The Pickwick Papers* was the well-known one addressed to his sweetheart, in which he announced that he had received a visit from the publishers with an offer that was "too tempting to resist." Only a part of this letter was printed in the first volume of the *Letters* published in 1880, but the complete original letter forms one of the series which have recently been made available at the British Museum. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Constable and Co., Ltd., the publishers of "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens: His Letters to Her," we are now able to print for the first time the complete letter in facsimile.

Like all letters of this period, it is undated. However, the very first words give a clue to the exact Wednesday on which it was written, viz. 24th February, 1836. The House of Commons sat until a quarter-to-two that morning and then adjourned until the next day on account of the Queen's birthday.

Furnival's Inn

Wednesday, Evening

My dearest Kate -

The house is up; but I am very sorry to say that I must stay at home. I have had a visit from the Publisher this morning, and the story cannot be any longer delayed - it must be done to-morrow. As there are more important considerations than the mere payment for the story, involved too, I must exercise a little self-denial, and set to work.

They (Chapman & Hall) have made me an offer of £14 a month to write and edit a new publication

they contemplate, entirely by myself; to be published monthly and each number to contain four wood cuts. I am to make my estimate and calculate the cost, and to give them a decisive answer on Friday morning. The work will be no joke, but the emolument is too tempting to resist.

I hope I shall be able to set out to Drompton to dine on Friday. I have to see these people, and then Macrone with whom I shall be detained some time, but I trust I shall be able to manage

t. Should I be disappointed
 I don't think I shall be
 (ugh) of course I shall be
 out, early on Saturday
 Dearest me (in haste)
 My dearest love
 Ever yours most affect
 Charles Dickens

Another facsimile letter appears on page 123 by courtesy of Count de Suzannet, and is also reproduced for the first time. As the second edition of *Sketches by Boz* was being advertised in the summer of 1836 this letter was written at about that time. We have unavailingly searched "Frazer's Magazine" for the "honourable mention" of "Mr. Pickwick's politics" to which Dickens refers.

Count de Suzannet has also placed at our disposal another letter written about July, 1837. It refers to the cobbler's story in the Fleet, in No. XV of *Pickwick* (Chapter 43) and has an added interest, being written to the father of Maria Beadnell, to whom Dickens sent his "best compts." in the postscript.

There is another interesting point about this letter and that is that it contains a hint that some people might want to assert that he was not the sole author of the novel, if he incorporated in it suggestions made by others. A note to this effect had already appeared as a "Notice to Correspondents" in the number to which he then referred (see page 90).

Doughty Street.

Monday Evening (July, 1837).

My Dear Sir,

I have purposely abstained from replying to your note before, in order that if our friend Mr. Clarke communicated with you again, you might be enabled to tell him with perfect truth that you had heard nothing from me.

My reason is this : if I were in the slightest instance whatever, to adopt any information so communicated, however much I invented upon it, the World would be informed one of these days—after my death perhaps—that I was not the sole author of the *Pickwick Papers*; that there were a great many other parties concerned; that a gentleman in the Fleet Prison perfectly well remembered stating in nearly the same words; &c., &c., &c. In short I prefer drawing upon my own imagination in such cases. Mr. Clarke's own story I have put into a cobbler's mouth who tells it in the next number; and this is the only reality in the whole business of and concerning the Fleet. Fictitious narratives place the enormities of the system in a much stronger point of view, and they enable one to escape the personalities and endless absurdities into which there is a certainty of rushing if you take any man's account of his own grievances.

If you should receive any other application from the same quarter, perhaps you will have the goodness to say that you communicated the first to me, and there an end of it.

Believe me ever my Dear Sir,

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

Charles Dickens.

Pray present my best compts to Mrs. & Miss Beadnell.

George Beadnell Esq^{re}

The great success of *Pickwick* naturally gave rise to many press gossipings about the author and the fortune the book had brought him. One such note ("A Brief Account of Boz") appeared in "The Durham Advertiser" on 26th January, 1838. By a curious coincidence Dickens was on Darlington Station a few days later (he was returning from a visit to the Bowes district prior to writing *Nicholas Nickleby*) and, purchasing a newspaper, read this incorrect reference to himself and *Pickwick*, and there and then addressed this letter to the Editor.

Although it has already been printed in *The Dickensian* (1922, page 98), it is an opportune moment for referring to it again in detail.

Darlington,

Saturday Morning, February 3rd, 1838.

Sir,

Waiting in this place for a York coach this morning, I chanced, in the course of the few minutes I stayed here, to take up your paper of January 26th, in which I saw a brief Autobiography of Myself by Dr. Mackenzie. Dr. Mackenzie, whoever he may be, knows as much of me as of the meaning of the word autobiography, in proof of which I may beg to state on my authority that when I

Turnis, Ina
Saturday

Ofis -

When you have quite done counting the sovereigns, realised for Pickwick, I should 'be much obliged you, to send me up a few. I have lamed myself, and am a Prisoner, or I should have looked in myself. I hope Mr Chapman is better.

I see honorable mention of myself, and Mr. Pickwick's politics, in Fraser this month. They consider me a decided Whig.

Ever yours faithfully

W. M. W. W.

Suppose you know that a second edition of "Box" is advertised.

commenced the *Pickwick Papers* I was not living on five guineas a week as a reporter on the "Morning Chronicle"—that Messrs. Chapman and Hall were never persuaded with some difficulty to become the *Pickwick* publishers, but on the contrary, first became known to me by waiting on me to propose the work—that no such pecuniary arrangement as the paragraph describes ever existed between us—that by the *Pickwick Papers* alone I have not netted between £2000 and £3000—that the sketch called Watkins Tottle never appeared in the "Morning Chronicle"—that I am not now in receipt of £3000 a year, and that Mr. Bentley does not give me £1000 a year for editing the "Miscellany," and twenty guineas a sheet for what I write in it.

Charles Dickens.

In describing the game of Whist at Bath, Dickens wrote "roughed her spade" instead of "ruffed." To a correspondent who drew his attention to this, Dickens replied:—

Adelphi Hotel,

Liverpool, Thursday, 15th October, 1868.

My Dear—,

To the best of my remembrance I used the orthography in question in *Pickwick*. With the daring of youth, I rushed into the sactuary of Whist, and assumed that the word was derived from the "rough" nature of the process and its exasperating effects on the feelings of the patient. Now that I have arrived at a more chastened period of life, and have become more cognizant of its many mysteries, I penitently perceive that I may have been quite wrong. I have no means of reference here, but if I were wrong herein, I rather think it was in good company. I am much mistaken if the word were not so spelt by Garrick, in "Prologues and Epilogues," and by the elder Colman in plays. I think I could find a number of such instances, with ease, in the good dramatic literature of the last century.

Very faithfully, yours,

Charles Dickens.

Our last reproduction is from a letter in the possession of Mr. Frank S. Johnson. "The world would not take another *Pickwick* from me now," wrote Dickens. But was he correct in his opinion?

In January Mrs. A. Cobham Prall unveiled a tablet over the Tiny Tim Cot in the St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester, which the Branch is endowing to the memory of her husband, the late Mr. R. Evans Prall.

* * * * *

The Edinburgh Branch produced with great success at the Festival Theatre in January a new play on the life of Dickens entitled "Gadshill," by Mr. Campbell Robson, who played the part of Dickens. The producer was Mrs. Pearson Callum. The play, in twelve scenes and with over forty characters, provided a most entertaining survey of over thirty years of Dickens's life.

Dear Sir

Tues 7th April 1849.

Dear Sir

Many thanks for your note.
I hope David Copperfield will "do" for
your good correspondence. The author
would not take another Dickens from
me, now; but we can be cheerful and
merry, I hope, notwithstanding, and with
a little more purpose in us.

Yours truly

Charles Dickens

Very truly
yours
Charles Dickens

THE ENGLISH EDITIONS OF PICKWICK

[THE following list of the many editions of *The Pickwick Papers* issued during the last hundred years, is as complete as we have been able to make it. Unfortunately, the original publishers do not now possess any definite and detailed particulars of the various editions of the novel issued by them during the time the copyright on it was still existing. We desire to thank them, and many of the other publishers mentioned for their kind co-operation. Where the original published prices are known, we have inserted this information.—EDITOR.]

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB: CONTAINING A FAITHFUL RECORD OF THE PERAMBULATIONS, PERILS, TRAVELS, ADVENTURES AND SPORTING TRANSACTIONS OF THE CORRESPONDING MEMBERS. Edited by Boz. Published Monthly, One Shilling. First part issued 31st March, 1836. Last part (No. 19) issued 30th November, 1837. Parts 1 and 2 with illustrations by Seymour. Part 3 with illustrations by R. W. Buss. Remainder with illustrations by Phiz. Chapman & Hall. 1836-7.

FIRST EDITION IN CLOTH. With 43 illustrations by R. Seymour and Phiz. 21/-, Chapman & Hall. 1837.

CHEAP EDITION in weekly parts at 1½d. each. Complete in 1 vol., cloth, with Frontispiece by C. R. Leslie. 8vo, 479 pp. 5/-, Chapman & Hall. 1847.

LIBRARY EDITION, with Vignette Title Pages. 2 vols Chapman & Hall. 1858.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION, with illustrations by Seymour and Phiz. 2 vols. 16/-, Chapman & Hall. 1861.

CHARLES DICKENS EDITION. Revised and corrected by the author. With 8 illustrations. 3/6. Chapman & Hall. 1867.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION. With 57 new illustrations by Phiz. Chapman & Hall. 1871.

POPULAR LIBRARY EDITION. With 16 illustrations (as in "Household Edition") by Phiz. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1879.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE EDITION. Illustrated. In 20 Penny Parts. 1880.

DIAMOND EDITION. Illustrated. 8vo. Chapman & Hall. 1880.

"EDITION DE LUXE." With 43 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz. Limited to 1,000 copies signed by the publishers. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1881.

EDITION with illustrations by A. B. Frost. Ward, Lock & Co. 535 pp. 1881.

PEOPLE'S EDITION. With 14 illustrations by A. Chasemore. 214 pp. 6d. John Dicks. 1883.

EDITION, illustrated. 526 pp. Chapman & Hall and Routledge. 1884.

EDITION, 222 pp. Chapman & Hall. 1884.

CASSELL'S RED LIBRARY. 2 vols. Paper 1/-, Cloth 2/- each. Cassell & Co. 1886.

JUBILEE EDITION. To commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the novel. With notes and numerous illustrations. Edited by Charles Dickens the younger. 2 vols. 21/-, Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1886.

GOODALL'S HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY EDITION. In paper cover, price 1d. Illustrated by A. Billingham. Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds. 1886.

VICTORIA EDITION. With illustrations by Seymour, Buss, Phiz and Leech. Issued by the original publishers to celebrate the Jubilee. Introduction by Charles Plumtre Johnson. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1887.

CABINET EDITION. With 16 illustrations by Phiz. 12mo, 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1887.

EDITION, 526 pp. Routledge & Co. 1887.

SIXPENNY EDITION. With illustrations by Phiz. Routledge & Co. 1887.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPHIC EDITION. In shorthand, by James Butterworth. 2 vols. Isaac Pitman & Sons. 1889.

CROWN EDITION. Large Crown 8vo. With 43 illustrations. Chapman & Hall. 5/-, 1890.

TWO SHILLING EDITION. Crown 8vo. With a frontispiece by Phiz. 2/-, Chapman & Hall. 1890.

EDITION, 526 pp. Reprint of 1887 edition with frontispiece. Routledge & Co. 1890.

HUNDRED BEST BOOKS LIBRARY. 526 pp. With introduction by Sir J. Lubbock. 1891.

- ACMILLAN'S EDITION. 8vo. A reprint of the first edition with the original illustrations. Biographical and Bibliographical Introduction by Charles Dickens the younger. 3/6. Macmillan & Co. 1892.
- ALF CROWN EDITION. Crown 8vo. With 43 illustrations. 2/6. Chapman & Hall. 1893.
- DITION, 497 pp. 6d. Faudel Phillips & Sons. 1893.
- DITION, 497 pp. 6d. R. E. King. 1893.
- DITION, 222 pp. 6d. Routledge & Co. 1893.
- HILLING EDITION. Crown 8vo. With frontispiece by Phiz. 1/-. Chapman & Hall. 1896.
- ADS HILL EDITION. Square Crown 8vo. With 43 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz, and an introduction by Andrew Lang. 2 vols. 6/-. Chapman & Hall. 1897.
- LAMOND JUBILEE EDITION. Issued at 3½d. 1897.
- CKET EDITION. With coloured frontispiece by Phiz reproduced from the Vignette title pages of the Library Edition. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1899.
- OCHESTER EDITION. With introduction by George Gissing; notes by F. G. Kitton; illustrated by E. H. New. 2 vols. 6/-. Methuen & Co., Ltd. 1899.
- EMPLE EDITION. With bibliographical note by Walter Jerrold. Frontispiece by G. F. C. Tilney, in colours, to each vol. 3 vols. J. M. Dent & Co. 1899.
- EW CENTURY LIBRARY. 2/-. T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1899.
- UTHENTIC EDITION. Square Crown 8vo. With 43 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz. 5/-. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1900.
- MPERIAL EDITION. With illustrations by William Rainey, R.I. Gresham Publishing Co. 1901.
- DAILY NEWS "MEMORIAL EDITION. With all original illustrations. In sets only.
- ARMSWORTH LIBRARY EDITION. 765 pp. Amalgamated Press. 1905.
- EW CENTURY LIBRARY EDITION. On India Paper. Frontispiece by A.B. Thos. Nelson & Sons. 1905.
- ATIONAL EDITION. Royal 8vo. With 60 illustrations by Seymour, Buss, Phiz, Leech and Leslie. 2 vols. Sold only in sets, limited to 750 copies. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1906.
- OLLINS' ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS. Fcap. 8vo. With 8 illustrations by J. Eyre. Cloth 1/-. Leather 2/-. Messrs. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd. 1906.
- ICKENS FELLOWSHIP EDITION. Large Crown 8vo. With 3 illustrations by Phiz. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1906.
- ERRIOT LIBRARY. Cr. 8vo. With 8 illustrations by J. Eyre. Cloth 2/-. Collins. 1906.
- OME LIBRARY. Cr. 8vo. With 8 illustrations by J. Eyre. Cloth 1/-. Collins. 1906.
- DEAL LIBRARY. Demy 8vo. With 8 illustrations by J. Eyre. Cloth 5/-. Collins. 1906.
- HE WORLD'S CLASSICS. 2 vols. Oxford University Press. 1907.
- ERRIOT LIBRARY. As above edition in Leather at 5/-. Collins. 1907.
- MPERIAL LIBRARY. Large Cr. 8vo. With 8 coloured illustrations by J. Eyre. 2/-. Collins. 1907.
- OLLINS' FAMOUS LIBRARY. Demy 8vo. 256 pp. With coloured picture cover. Paper 6d. Collins. 1907.
- OPULAR EDITION. Crown 8vo. With frontispiece by Phiz. 1/-. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1907.
- XPENNY EDITION. With frontispiece by A. B. Frost. Ward Lock & Co.
- EW CROWN LIBRARY. Cr. 8vo. With illustrations by J. Eyre. Padded gilt, boxed, 2/6. Collins. 1908.
- OLLINS' ENGLISH CLASSICS. Demy 8vo. Unabridged. Limp Cloth, 6d. Collins 1908.
- IGHTEENPENNY ILLUSTRATED EDITION. 8vo. 1/6. Chapman & Hall, Ltd and Oxford University Press. 1908.
- ELSON'S CLASSICS. Cloth. 2 vols. 6d. each. T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1908.
- PECIAL AUTHORISED EDITION. By subscription only, with illustrations by Seymour and Phiz and 18 extra illustrations by Fred Barnard. Cassell & Co., Ltd. 1909.
- OPICAL EDITION. Royal 8vo. With all the original illustrations and 236 additional pictures, collected and annotated by C. Van Noorden. 2 vols. 21/-. 1909.

- OXFORD INDIA PAPER EDITION. F'cap 8vo. With 43 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz. 2/6 Cloth, 3/6 Leather. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1901.
- WORLD'S CLASSICS. 8vo. Oxford University Press. 1901.
- LONDON EDITION. With illustrations (coloured frontispiece) by Seymour and Phiz, and editorial (Topographical) notes. 2 vols. T. C. & E. C. Jack, Edinburgh. 1901.
- BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION. Large Crown 8vo. With 43 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz. Introduction by Arthur Waugh. 3/6. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1902.
- UNIT LIBRARY EDITION. 2 vols. 1902.
- GAIDS HILL, EDITION DE LUXE. With 43 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz. Printed on Japanese Vellum. 2 vols. Not sold separately. Edition limited to 350 sets. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1903.
- SOHO LIBRARY. 817 pp. A. & C. Black, Ltd. 1903.
- FIRESIDE EDITION. Crown 8vo. With 43 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz. 2/6 Cloth, 3/6 Leather. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1903.
- ILLUSTRATED POCKET LIBRARY of plain and coloured books. 8vo. With 43 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz, 2 by Buss, and 32 by Onwhyn. 755 pp., 3/6. Methuen & Co. 1904.
- ILLUSTRATED POCKET EDITION. A reprint of the first edition with illustrations. Biographical and Bibliographical Introduction by Charles Dickens the younger. 2/- Cloth, 3/- Leather. Macmillan & Co. 1905.
- LLOYD'S SIXPENNY DICKENS. Paper. 8vo. Edward Lloyd, Ltd. 1909.
- CHARLES DICKENS LIBRARY. 8vo. With illustrations by Henry Furniss. Educational Book Co., London. 1910.
- EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. With introduction by G. K. Chesterton. J. M. Dent & Sons. 1/-. 1906.
- BRILLE EDITION FOR THE BLIND. Provided by the Dickens Fellowship.
- CECIL ALDIN EDITION. Imperial 8vo. With 24 coloured plates and 100 Black and White drawings by Cecil Aldin. 2 vols. 21/-. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1910.
- EDITION with coloured illustrations. 3/6. Chapman & Hall and Oxford University Press. 1911.
- NELSON'S CENTURY EDITION with the original illustrations. 2/-. T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1911.
- CENTENARY EDITION. With illustrations. 2 vols., 7/-. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1912.
- UNIVERSAL EDITION. With illustrations. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1913.
- WAVERLEY EDITION. Illustrated by Charles Pears. Waverley Book Co. 1913.
- OXFORD SHILLING DICKENS. Oxford University Press. 1914.
- COLLINS' COMPLETE DICKENS. Cr. 8vo. Coloured wrapper and end papers by A. A. Dixon. 8 illustrations by J. Eyre. Cloth, 1/-. Collins. 1914.
- NELSON'S EDITION (Re-issue of Century Edition of 1911). T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1921.
- EDITION with original illustrations and wrapper by Lovat Fraser. 7/6. T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1921.
- FAVOURITE EDITION (in sets only). Illustrated by F. Barnard. Waverley Book Co., Ltd. 1929.
- LOMBARD STREET EDITION. In 20 numbers, 1/- each. With 43 illustrations by Seymour, Buss, and Phiz, facsimiles of original manuscript. Introduction by J. Harrison Stonehouse, Piccadilly Fountain Press. 1932.
- LIBRARY OF GREAT CLASSICS. Ex. Large Cr. 8vo. Illustrations by J. Eyre. 2/6 Collins. 1933.
- NELSON'S CLASSICS. 2/-. T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1934.
- WINCHESTER CLASSICS. 3/6. T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1934.
- "DAILY HERALD" EDITION (in sets). Illustrated. 1934.
- "DAILY MAIL" EDITION (in sets). Illustrated. 1934.
- "DAILY EXPRESS" EDITION (in sets). Illustrated. 1934.
- "NEWS CHRONICLE" EDITION (in sets). Illustrated. 1934.



A YOUNG MAN READS *PICKWICK*

BY B. VAN THAL

AS a boy I never was subjected to a holiday task of reading a book. In fact I have never been forced to read any particular (published) book; perhaps that is why I now earn a living reading unpublished books.

At the time when most boys were enjoying Dickens, I was pompous enough to state that I hadn't read him, and infinitely preferred reading Gogol. My *Pickwick Papers* was "Dead Souls," a book which I have never forgotten, and doubtless never will. Without any knowledge of Dickens, I knew that Gogol was his Russian counterpart, and to me it was so great that Dickens could not be greater. Comparisons then had not the flavour of "odour" that they have on reaching maturity. I was convinced in my own mind that Dickens could not invent a character to equal Tchichikoff in "Dead Souls," and that this remarkable person, dealing in ghostly serfs, could never have been created by Dickens or anybody else. All well and good—*tempus fit*—and I realised that the Centenary of *The Pickwick Papers* was approaching.

On first realising that this event would be heralded in no ordinary manner, I felt that the time had come to break down the now quite solid barriers of Gogol, who had, in the meantime, been reinforced by readings of Goncharov, Pushkin, and Turgenev. So I plunged into *Great Expectations*. Slowly and surely I realised that while everybody had read Dickens in their youth, I was one of those extremely lucky persons to whom a new vista in reading was revealed: a new world which was as unusual as any I had explored. Above all, I was an age to appreciate: I could see well, and had the advantage of no longer impaired vision of youth. Strange and queer characters whom I revel (they abound in Gogol) were to be equalled. I learned about Miss Havisham. "You that have been brought up by hand"—reduced the monstrous Pumblechook, and Joe Gargery's venomous character were persons as vivid as I could desire. *Great Expectations* led to *Pickwick*, and from *Pickwick* to every word that Dickens has written.

How boring is my reading of manuscripts now, when I think of that round little man and all the hundreds of people he met from the time he set out from his lodging in Goswell Street. My mind wanders from the MS I am reading, and I dose into a hundred and one scenes. It is a life-time of thought, this first reading of *Pickwick*, and the dissipation of the best moments of one's life disappearing as one knows it must inevitably come to the end of this great experience. For experience it is. Noble and living, it is life with all its vicissitudes, ugliness and beauty. There are servant and master, or labour and capital if you like. It is the broadest vista of life in all its vigour. Domestic fame was dear to the heart of his friend, Snodgrass: the desire of conquest to his friend Tupman, and the desire of earning one's money in the sports of the field, the air, and the water, was uppermost

in the breast of his friend Winkle. Those Pickwickians all so truly imbued in "the Pickwickian sense."

Jingle, pathetic member of the stage (many an ancient member of the music hall stage now too old to get a living can bring a tear to the eye as he does). Dr. Slammer of the Army. Oh, he is still redolent. Yes, sir! By God, sir! He is no extinct species. No are the Pickwickian horses. Do you remember Mr. Winkle, that admirable young man who caused Mr. Pickwick deep thought more than once, and his difficulty with a refractory steed?

And England, well England in all its true colours, shorn of the false sentimentality of cottage gardens, paths, and rustic nonsenses. Go to the Bull at Rochester and to Dingley Dell! The very names (so much in these names) afford us a view that must be treasured, for the whole of the English world is here. And musing further, there is no scene more comforting than that in which the Fat Boy is surrounded by food and drink; and of food, there was certainly something to be said about the good old days; for the Wellers always had plenty of oysters, as did everyone from the kitchen upwards. Then there is the lovely occasion when Mr. Pickwick became tight, certainly quite tight, after the cricket match at Muggleton. Do all the pious folks who recommend Dickens to their children (and not only those persons, but all those adults who descry the Master with "we cannot read Dickens now") realise that such adult occupation as drunkenness could be found within its pages?

But, chief of all the pageant of figures that we encounter in *Pickwick*, is the portrait of women, set forth in all their dangers. Those small-talking, narrow-minded, hen-pecking female bourgeoisie abound in the book; Mrs. Bardell, ensnaring Pickwick into marrying her, and then bringing a breach of promise action. That specie of woman still exists; Mrs. Raddle, the super vixen, sneaking and snivelling—and blaming all her non-existent worries upon her wretched husband Mrs. Leo Hunter, her name signifies *her* character; she has multiplied out of all recognition. Every day she is dressing up in some fancy costume to open a bazaar, a ball, a charity matinée for some hospital or institution. She is smothered in diamonds or orchids, while the charity receives a fractional sum of what it should. What Dickens have we to-day to do justice to the Mrs. Leo Hunter who has not changed one whit or tittle in these simpering positions of Patroness Mrs. Nupkins, facing the Porkenhams, was she any better? What of all the old women who are still preaching about dangers of drink for of that class was Mrs. Weller (even if she did repent); and her friend Mr. Stiggins?

But let us dismiss all these ladies, for the great point about *The Pickwick Papers* is that it is the best of all the tonics in the world. With all the millions of printed books at our disposal, here is straight forward English, bubbling and seething with a genius rarely ever to be found, for it is a book which banishes all other thought. When we are reading *Pickwick*, psychological—pathological—political—all such reasonings depart. We do not trouble to ask why Mr. Tupman was

ckwickian, for he drops into the epic for apparently no reason: nor we ask why Mr. Pickwick particularly liked Snodgrass, who we certainly feel was hardly the type to appeal to him. And although day Mr. Pickwick has become the synonym for good humour, there were many occasions when the old gentleman was very testy, and quite as difficult as any old gentleman. His insistence on going to the Fleet proves this. And I am sure he did give Mrs. Bardell encouragement, not that I have any sympathy for that old trollop, but there you are—eking the time out—you can easily spend six weeks' wonderful holiday with the Club. You can banish criticism—and if you have just come to the end of the adventures at Christmas—ne as I had, it makes one feel most well disposed toward one's fellow creatures—and yet, does it? I feel how puny, how small, how conceited the majority of younger novelists. Yet truly what matter? They will be dead while Mr. Pickwick will still be setting out from Goswell Street. If he doesn't, God help us.



THE PICKWICK PAPERS, MARCH 1836—1936

By J. H. McNULTY

One hundred years have passed away.
 Since Dickens sent his merry band
 To wander through the pleasant land
 Of England, in the month of May.

And he reported everything
 Of what was seen and what was done.
 As on they journeyed in the sun
 And showers of an English Spring.

Spring vanished and long Summer days,
 And Autumn crowned the year with gold
 While on they went by field and wold
 O'er gleaming roads and wand'ring ways.

Much did they see of good and ill;
 They met adventure with a cheer
 And still their ghosts are ling'ring here
 With others, too, by dale and hill.

Here Chaucer with his Pilgrims rode,
 Here Robin Hood and Little John,
 There freakish Puck and Oberon,
 And Arthur with his knights abode.

These make our land enchanted ground,
 Full of the fair romance of old.
 These keep for us the Age of Gold,
 And with their stories sung or told.
 Pickwick's great odyssey is found.

FACTS AND FIGURES FROM "PICKWICK"

BY NEWBURY FROST READ

HAD the people in *The Pickwick Papers* been evenly distributed through the first edition, one and a half would have made his or her first appearance on every page.

There are fifty-six important people in the story, of whom forty-one are men and fifteen women.

There are one hundred and sixty-four people of minor importance, of whom one hundred and nineteen are men and forty-five women.

There are twenty-two clerks; all men, as was to be expected, bearing in mind the period of the book.

There are forty-seven domestic servants; twenty-six men and twenty-one women.

Of people in or connected with gaol there are fifty-seven, all but five of whom are men.

Of people employed about horses there are thirty-four, all being men.

There are sixty-seven people attached to inns, fifty of whom are men and seventeen women.

Of people mentioned, who do not appear in the story, there are one hundred and ninety-five, of whom one hundred and fifty-seven are men and thirty-eight women.

There are eighty-nine people mentioned in Sam Weller's stories: seventy-five men and fourteen women.

There are one hundred and thirty-four people mentioned in the interpolated stories; one hundred and eleven being men and twenty-three women.

All the above are individual people, and they make up a total of eight hundred and sixty-five, of whom six hundred and eighty-seven are men and one hundred and seventy-eight women.

There are, moreover, twelve groups of people in the story, eight of men and four of women, while mentioned, but not appearing, are fourteen groups, of whom thirteen are composed of men.

The Christian names, surnames, or both of three hundred and fifty people are mentioned; two hundred and thirty-nine of men and sixty-six of women.

There are three people whose surname is Brown; three are named Walker and five Martin.

Amongst the Christian names, there are three Betsys, three Janes, seven Marys, four Samuels, six Williams, seven Johns, and eighteen Toms or Thomases.

Of all these people—and they are people, not merely characters in a book—eighty per cent. are men. (The words men and women are used, but in a very few cases they include children.)

The story moves through one hundred and sixty-eight places.

Of places mentioned, which form no part of the locale, there are fifty-nine in Great Britain and thirteen abroad.

There are eleven animals playing "leading rôles" and eighty-three others referred to.

There are fifty-nine inns in the story, of which twenty-six are in London and thirty-three elsewhere. Curiously enough, the names of thirty-three are mentioned, while twenty-six are not named.

Twenty-two foreign words are used throughout the book.

THE EARLIEST FRENCH TRANSLATION OF *PICKWICK*

THROUGH the courtesy of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch we are able to reprint from his book "From a Cornish Window" (1906) two otherwise unpublished letters bearing on the first translation that was ever made of a Dickens book. This was published early in 1838 and entitled "Le Club de Pickwistes, Roman comique, traduit librement de l'anglais par Madame Eugenie Niboyet." "Freely translated" it was, indeed, a great deal of the dialogue is cut entirely and in one or two places matter not of Dickens's composition is inserted. For example, a short story entitled "Bill le Detenu" is read in the Fleet Prison.

We notice a complete absence of the expression "Pickwickian sense" in the first chapter. In the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial the damages claimed are no less than Fcs. 300,000, a much more considerable amount then than now. Mr. Phunkey becomes M. Finge, to help in the play upon the French word for Monkey. Mrs. Raddle, for some unknown reason, becomes Mistress Baddle, and the whole pollicking story of the famous party is rewritten in an entirely new vein. Percy Fitzgerald in "The History of Pickwick" (1891) is evidently quite right in saying that "the most fantastic tricks are played with the text, most of the dialogue being left out and the whole compressed into two two small volumes."

But Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch expressed the opinion that the translator, Mme Giboyet, is more sinned against than sinning. From the two letters he published it would appear that she had originally arranged to have the co-operation of Alexandre Dumas, and that it was only after the express disapproval of Dickens that Dumas's share in the work was suppressed.

"I regret," wrote Sir Arthur, "that my researches have yielded no further information. . . . The threat in the second letter may or may not have been carried out. I am inclined to hope that it was, feeling sure that the result, if ever discovered, will prove in the highest degree entertaining. With this I may leave the letters to speak for themselves."

48, Doughty street,
September 25th, 1837.

My dear Madam,

It is true that when granting the required permission to translate *Pickwick* into French, I allowed also the license you claimed for yourself and your collaborateur—of adapting rather than translating, and of presenting my hero under such small disguise as might commend him better to a Gallic audience. But I am bound to say that—to judge only from the first half of your version, which is all that has reached me—you have construed this permission more freely than I desired. In fact, the parent can hardly recognise his own child.

Against your share in the work, Madame, I have little to urge, though the damages you represent Mrs. Bardell as claiming—300,000

frances, or £1,200 of our money—strikes me as excessive. It is rather (I take as my guide the difference in the handwriting) to your collaborateur that I address, through you, my remonstrances.

I have no radical objection to his making Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman members of His Majesty King Louis XIII's corps of Musketeers, if he is sincerely of the opinion that French taste will applaud the departure. I even commend his slight idealisation of Snodgrass (which, by the way, is not the name of an English mountain), and the amorousness of Tupman (Aramis) gains—I candidly admit—from the touch of religiosity which he gives to the character; though I do not, as he surmises in the course of my story, promote Tupman to a Bishopric. The development—preferable as on some points the episcopal garb may be considered to the green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail worn by him at Madame Chasselion's fête champêtre—would jar upon our Angelican prejudices. As for Winkle (Porthos), the translation nicely hits off his love of manly exercises, while resting his pretensions on a more solid basis of fact than appears in the original. In the incident of the baldric, however, the imposture underlying Mr. W.'s green shooting-coat is conveyed with sufficient neatness.

M.D.— has been well advised again in breaking up the character of Sam Weller and making him, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once. Buckingham (Jingle) and Fenton (a capital rendering of the Fat Boy) both please me; and in expanding the episode of the sausage and the trouser-buttons M.D.— has shown delicacy and judgement by altering the latter into diamond studs.

Alas! madam, I wish the same could be said of his treatment of my female puppets, which not only shocks but bewilders me. In her earlier appearances Mrs. Bardell (Milady) is a fairly consistent character; and why M.D.— should hazard that consistency by identifying her with the middle-aged lady at the great White Horse, Ipswich, passes my comprehension. I say, madam, that it bewilders me; but for M.D.—'s subsequent development of the occurrences at that hostelry I entertain feelings of which mere astonishment is, perhaps, the mildest. I can hardly bring myself to discuss this with a lady; but you will allow me to protest with the very strongest terms that Mr. Pickwick made that unfortunate mistake about the sleeping apartment in the completest innocence, that ejaculating "ha-hum" merely uttered a note of warning, and that "ha-hum" is not (as M.D.— suspects) an English word from which certain syllables have been discreetly removed; that in thrusting his head through the bed-curtains he was, I am careful to say, "not actuated by any definite object"; and that, as a gentleman should, he withdrew at the earliest possible moment. His intercepted duel with Mr. Peter Magnus (De Wardes) rests, as I fondly imagined I had made clear upon a complete misunderstanding. The whole business of the flour-de-lys on Mrs. Bardell's shoulder is a sheer interpolation and should be expunged, not only on grounds of morality, but because when you reach the actual trial "*Bardell v. Pickwick*," you will find this discovery of the defendant's impossible either to ignore or to reconcile with the jury's verdict. Against the intervention of Richelieu (Mr. Nupkins) I have nothing to urge. M.D.— opines that I shall in the end deal out poetical judgement to Mrs. Bardell as Milady. He is right. I have, indeed, gone so far as to imprison her; but I own

that her execution (as suggested by him) at the hands of the Queer Client, with Pickwick and his friends (or alternatively, Mrs. Cluppins, Mr. Perker and Bob Sawyer) as silent spectators, seems to me almost as inconsistent with the spirit of the tale as his other proposal to kidnap Mr. Justice Stareleigh in the boot of Mr. Weller's coach, and substitute for his lordship the Chancery prisoner in an iron mask. I trust, Madam, that these few suggestions will without setting any appreciable constraint on your fancy, enable you to catch something more of the spirit of my poor narrative than I have been able to detect in some of the chapters submitted; and I am, with every assurance of esteem,

Your obliged servant,

Boz.

P.S.—The difference between Anjou wine and the milk punch about which you enquire does not seem to me to necessitate any serious alteration of the chapter in question. M.D.—'s expressed intention of making Master Bardell in later life the executioner of King Charles I of England must stand over for some future occasion. The present work will hardly yield him the required opportunity for dragging in King Charles' head.

II.

Madame,

Puisque M. Boz se méfie des propositions lui faites sans but quelconque que de concilier les gens d'esprit, J'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer nettement que je me retire d'une besogne aussi rude que malentendue. Il dit que j'ai conçu son Pickwick tout autrement que lui. Soit ! Je l'écrirai, ce Pickwick selon mon propre goût. Que M. Boz redoute mes Trois Pickwickistes ! Agreez, Madame, etc., etc.,

Alexandre (le Grand).



STUDIES ON "EDWIN DROOD"

By C. F. LEHMANN-HAUPT

(Continued from page 34)

7. WHERE WAS EDWIN'S BODY DEPOSITED AFTER THE MURDER ?

Most of the authors who have discussed this question have decided in favour of Mrs. Sapsea's monument. Only some of them, among whom Mr. Carden ("The Murder of Edwin Drood," p. 111), have preferred the neighbouring sarcophagus of Edwin's father, Jasper's brother-in-law, but without reasons of sufficient weight. But the chief question has been how Jasper brought the quick-lime into the precincts of the Cathedral. All possible combinations have been considered, and it has even been thought probable that a good part of the so-called "half-hour" (which was in fact about five hours) during which Durdles slept under the influence of Jasper's drugged wine was utilised by Jasper in bringing the lime from Durdles's yard to the crypt or precincts of the Cathedral. But many have felt (as I do myself) that it is quite out of the question that the Master of the Choir of the Cathedral could have brought the lime in a wheelbarrow, or otherwise howsoever,

through the streets or backways of Cloisterham, even in the small hours of the night. Mr. Carden, it is true, has tried to eliminate this objection by shewing in his book (Appendix IV) that there existed and exists a much nearer and much more hidden connection between Durdles's yard and the precincts of the Cathedral. But even if this be granted, it still was to my mind, as Mr. Saunders (p. 153) very well expresses it, "such an inconceivably risky procedure for a respectable choirmaster to adopt that I cannot admit that Dickens ever imagined it."

I think I can *prove* from Dickens's own words both that Dickens never thought of this and that the place where Edwin's body was to be deposited and where the meeting depicted on the centre scene of the cover was to take place was Mrs. Sapsea's monument. When Durdles demonstrates to Jasper his sounding capacities (Chapter V), the following dialogue takes place between him and Jasper :

" ' Say that hammer of mine's a wall—my work. Two ; four : and two is six,' measuring on the pavement. ' Six foot inside that wall is Mrs. Sapsea.' "

" ' Not really Mrs. Sapsea ? ' "

" ' Say Mrs. Sapsea. Her walls thicker, but say Mrs. Sapsea.' Durdles taps that wall represented by that hammer, and says after good sounding: ' Something betwixt us ! ' ' Sure enough, some rubbish has been left in that same six-foot space by Durdles's men ! ' "

Now Jasper's interrupting question, " Not really Mrs. Sapsea ? " has actually no sense, since Jasper knew as well as anyone else that Durdles only made a fictitious demonstration of Mrs. Sapsea's monument and that the body could not be supposed to be anywhere but in that monument in the Cathedral churchyard. But Jasper's unheeded question was intended by Dickens to convey to the reader the fact that Jasper had a special interest in the measurements, the state, and the contents of Mrs. Sapsea's monument, and to make Jasper involuntarily betray this interest—which is quite in keeping with Dickens's usual method of conveying to the reader mysterious or only half-intelligible matters by allusions or indirect indications. And, taking this to be the case, not only the free space of six feet in breadth, upon which Mr. Saunders lays special stress (p. 127), but also the fact that some rubbish had been left there by Durdles's men, was of the utmost importance for Jasper. If Durdles's statement was true (and not merely invented on the spur of the moment and for the sake of example), Jasper, in hiding the body of his victim in Mrs. Sapsea's monument, would be free from discovery by Durdles's sounding abilities because the space was already filled by the rubbish of which Durdles knew ; and to verify that this rubbish really was in the free space was one of Jasper's tasks during the unaccountable expedition.

But we have to go further. What kind of rubbish, if any, could have been left by Durdles's men ? Since Mrs. Sapsea's monument had been built by them, lime was sure to be there and to be prominent among the rubbish. If this was the case, Jasper had at hand what he wanted without transporting it from anywhere else.

But Jasper, in preparing Mrs. Sapsea's monument for Edwin's

body and for being burnt by quick-lime, had to do something else. "*Quick-lime without the addition of water*, is not a corrosive but a preservative," and I think with Mr. Saunders (p. 120), that "Dickens, who lived so near the Medway Cement Works, must have known this and meant to make use of it." And that Dickens also meant Jasper to know this and to make use of it he again tells us quite distinctly.

"'Ware that there mound by the yard-gate, Mister Jasper.'

"'I see it. What is it?'

"'Lime.'

"Mr. Jasper stops, and waits for him to come up, for he lags behind. 'What you call quick-lime?'

"'Ay!' says Durdles, 'quick enough to eat your boots. *With a little hardy stirring, quick enough to eat your bones.*'"

The italicised words indicate the necessity of adding water to the lime, otherwise the "stirring" would not be "handy," and would be of no avail or purpose whatever!

So, in order to use the lime found in the rubbish in Mrs. Sapsea's monument for his fiendish purposes, Jasper had to convey water into Mrs. Sapsea's monument, the key of which he had taken out of Durdles's dinner-bundle. Water was certainly to be found in or near the neighbourhood of the Cathedral.

Assuming now that the lime in Mrs. Sapsea's monument was not over-abundant, we reach the solution of a riddle, the existence of which the late Mr. Saunders had pointed out, but without getting at the bottom of its solution (*cf.* p. 90 of his book with p. 120), Dickens told Forster that the ring had resisted the corrosive effect of the lime—*i.e.* of the lime made corrosive by the addition of water—and evidently this was due to the lime not having had its full corrosive effect on account of some scantiness in the material. This is confirmed by Dickens suggesting (Chapter 16) that "if Edwin had been murdered and so artfully disfigured or concealed, or both" (Saunders, p. 120, 157), "as that the murderer hoped identification to be impossible except from something that he wore, assuredly the murderer would seek to remove from the body . . . the watch and shirt-pin." The wet lime, then, had only disfigured, not entirely destroyed Edwin's body, and thus also the ring was preserved.

There is, then, no mistake whatever on Dickens's side; what has been taken for a mistake is entirely the fault of the commentators who have failed to see what Dickens was aiming at, although by Jasper's interjection, "Not really Mrs. Sapsea?" by Durdles's remark, "a little hardy stirring," and by the author's allusion to Edwin's body being disfigured, Dickens had given the attentive reader three clear and conclusive hints.

The centre-piece of the cover, then, shews us Jasper entering Mrs. Sapsea's monument to take the ring, as a final piece of evidence against Neville, and finding instead of Edwin's disfigured body—the removal of which was unknown to him—Neville disguised as Edwin: Neville, who subsequently was killed by Jasper.

(To be continued)

MORE PICKWICKIAN INNS*

The Marquis of Granby, in Mrs. Weller's time, was quite a model of a road-side public-house of the better class—just large enough to be convenient, and small enough to be snug. On the opposite side of the road was a large sign-board on a high post, representing the head and shoulders of a gentleman with an apoplectic countenance, in a red coat, with deep blue facings, and a touch of the same over his three-cornered hat, for a sky. Over that again, were a pair of flags and beneath the last button of his coat were a couple of cannons; and the whole formed an expressive and undoubted likeness of the Marquis of Granby of glorious memory. The bar window displayed a choice collection of geranium plants, and a well-dusted row of spirit phials. The open shutters bore a variety of golden inscriptions eulogistic of good beds and neat wines; and the choice group of countrymen and hostlers lounging about the stable-door and horse-trough, afforded presumptive proof of the excellent quality of the ale and spirits which were sold within.

* * * * *

The White Hart Hotel, opposite the great Pump Room . . . where waiters, from their costume, might be mistaken for Westminster boys only they destroyed the illusion by behaving themselves so much better.

* * * * *

The hostelry in question was situated in a court, happy in the double advantage of being in the vicinity of Clare Market, and closely approximating to the back of New Inn. Mr. Pickwick and Sam descended the rickety staircase in safety, and issued forth in quest of the Magpie and Stump.

This favoured tavern, sacred to the evening orgies of Mr. Lowten and his companions, was what ordinary people would designate a public-house. That the landlord was a man of a money-making turn was sufficiently testified by the fact of a small bulk-head beneath the taproom window, in size and shape not unlike a sedan chair, being underlet to a mender of shoes: and that he was a being of a philanthropic mind, was evident from the protection afforded to a pie-man, who vended his delicacies without fear of interruption, on the very door-step. In the lower windows, which were decorated with curtains of a saffron hue, dangled two or three printed cards, bearing reference to Devonshire cyder and Dantzic spruce, while a large black board, announcing in white letters to an enlightened public, that there were 500,000 barrels of double stout in the cellars of the establishment, left the mind in a state of not unpleasing doubt and uncertainty as to the precise direction in the bowels of the earth, in which this mighty cavern might be supposed to extend. When we add, that the weather-beaten sign-board bore the half-obliterated semblance of a magpie intently eyeing a crooked streak of brown paint, which the neighbours had been taught from infancy to consider as the "stump," we have said all that need be said of the exterior of the edifice.

* * * * *

"I say, old boy, where do you hang out?"

Mr. Pickwick replied that he was at present suspended at the "George and Vulture."

* See page 68.

Scenes from "Pickwick"



Goswell Street.



Lamb Street.



MISSION HALL



Clifford's Inn.



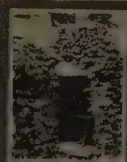
Cobham Church.



Manor Farm.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.



Winkle's house, Birmingham.

photos by]

[T. W. Tyrrell

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A "SWARRY" AT BALHAM

On January 10th we were invited by the Balham Branch to a most joyous "swarry."

On "ringing the airy bell," we found the "swarry was already on the table." Our revered friend, Mr. William Miller, was the guest of honour. We took Mr. Smawker's advice, and were "not afraid" of the great man, for he "soon come round." When we had "eaten the swarry" the usual toasts were honoured and responded to with much hilarity. The only drawback being that the "unreclaimable blay-gairds" who "handed the plates" had no gloves on! After a most convivial period of dancing and games we fired rockets at ourselves and Mr. Miller, and sallied forth to "see each other home." Neither Mr. Miller nor our President seemed to have any "desire to lay their heads on the curbstone," but seemed to be "walking quietly home," as did Sam afore us.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

JOSEPH PAXTON

"Charles Dickens, after reading the 'Handbook (of Chatsworth),' wrote to the Duke [of Devonshire] saying how deeply he was touched by the generosity of the tribute to Paxton.

"Paxton was one of the pioneers of railways. 'Paxton,' writes Dickens in 1845, 'has the command of every railway influence in England and abroad except the Great Western. He is in it heart and purse!'

"Dickens' editorship [of the 'Daily News'] lasted only three weeks. An immortal novelist, he was quite unfitted to be head of a newspaper office. Mr. Massingham speaks of his slightly exaggerated sense of personal dignity; there is a tradition that proofs were served him on silver salver.

"Paxton had had enough of newspapers. . . . A memorandum in his handwriting proves that there had been some stormy passages about the management. They were happily surmounted, and his friendship with Dickens and John Forster remained unbroken. Dickens, like the 'Punch' staff, gave him valuable support when the Crystal Palace scheme hung in the balance. Through Paxton, Dickens and the 'Punch' group made the acquaintance of the Duke of Devonshire, and this in turn led to an amateur performance at Devonshire House of Lytton's comedy, 'Not so Bad as we Seem,' in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art in 1851 . . .

"An article in *Household Words*, January, 1851, on the 'Private History of the Palace of Glass,' though unsigned, was in fact written by Charles Dickens from particulars supplied by Paxton himself. In *Household Words* and at a dinner of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution in 1851, Dickens wrote and spoke warmly in praise of the friend with whom he had shared, without loss of friendship, the troubled venture of the 'Daily News.'

"As time went on, a super-excellent kitchen laid its mark on his cure. Charles Dickens, when writing to the Duke of Devonshire in 1856, commented on his portliness: 'I don't know how heavy Paxton is going to be (I mean in the scale), but I begin to think Daniel Lambert must have been in his family.'"—"Paxton and the Bachelor Duke," by Violet R. Markham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

* * * * *

MARK TWAIN

"Dickens verifies in his own person the experiences and the emotions of those whom he brings to us.

"Of the great English novelists, Dickens was the only one who really existed for him. . . . He misleads us somewhat when he tells us, late in life, that his brother Orion was always trying to get him to read Dickens, but he couldn't do it. Of course he couldn't, being Mark Twain, under Orion's prodding; but there is evidence to show that he did nevertheless, though specific references to Dickens in his writings are not numerous. His favourite Dickens novel was *A Tale of Two Cities*, which he read many times. It is interesting to note that the

very first time Mark Twain ever went out in the company of Olivia Langdon they attended a Dickens reading at Steinway Hall. . . . Stuart Sherman notes the flavor of Dickens in 'The Gilded Age,' describing it as the only indication anywhere of an important literary relationship between Mark Twain and an outstanding modern writer.

" . . . compare him with Dickens . . . What is this difference ? The answer may be given in a single word : the Frontier. To be sure Dickens, born near London, quite failed to run the gamut of the school and university life of his day, and we have already seen that the young Sam Clemens' opportunities for reading . . . were by no means negligible . . . Dickens was born into an old civilization ; Mark Twain lived on the edge of the forest . . . When Dickens thought about literature he knew just what he had in mind. He was thinking about Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, about Fielding and Smollett and Sterne. Mark Twain did not think much about literature in this sense, yet he was abnormally sensitive, æsthetic, creative.

" Platform work would seem to have been even more necessary to him than it was to Dickens. Dickens loved the platform because it satisfied the theatrical side of his nature and brought him into direct personal contact with his readers, but Mark Twain actually needed it for the full development of his art.

" Like Dickens, he hates leave-takings . . .

" Like Dickens, he judges the past always by the standards of the present . . ."—" Mark Twain, the Man and his Work," by Edward Wagenknecht. (Yale University Press.)

* * * * *

RAILWAY DIRECTORS

" Not until many years later did the beneficial reforms of Telford and of Macadam enable Dickens to write of the joys of stage coach travelling. (Perhaps *Pickwick Papers* of all Dickens's literary achievements contains the greatest number of references to travel.)

" Too often the Director immortalised by Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, was true to type. His ignorance was equalled only by his shiftiness. . . . Dickens knew his England. In every walk of life there were men ready to seize the opportunity, amply afforded them, to humbug the inventor with wildeat schemes of their own invention."—" Mr. Gladstone at the Board of Trade," by F. E. Hyde. (Cobden Sanderson.)

* * * * *

MOTHER OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

" The family read and discussed 'Punch' and the 'Cornhill Magazine' and the 'Illustrated London News' and the 'Atlantic' and 'Scribner's.' Henry James's novels were coming out and Thackeray, and Dickens were still sufficiently recent to be the subject of heated controversy. Dickens' personal life came in for its share, not only of conversation, but of sermons and articles. In a diary of the period I pasted a clipping from an article by Gail Hamilton which says in part

" I have no tenderness for Mr. Dickens. . . . I desire in the most public and unreserved manner to declare that a regiment of Little Nells and Tiny Tims cannot redeem the man who publicly dishonour the mother of his many children. Mr. Dickens, holding the pen of a ready writer, told his story glibly to the world. Mrs. Dickens, suffering the deepest wound a woman can know, has remained

steadfastly silent. The silence is full of dignity; the husband's speech bristles with disgrace. He feels no shame in saying that he lived with a woman as his wife until she had consumed all the vigor of her youth, and that he has then turned her away and announces to the world that she was unfit for him! . . . England is beating her obstinate head against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but here it is the living wife's sister superseding the living wife. . . ."

"Gracious Lady: Sara Delano Roosevelt," by R. H. Kleeman. (Appleton-Century Co.)

* * * * *

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

"I was brought up on Dickens, whom I only understood later, and who still remains for me as the greatest writer since Shakespeare . . .

"I remember one night about this time I went to supper with Pinero. . . . When I got home I made a note or two of what he had said, and I am sure they should be helpful to a young writer as they were to me.

"You must produce true men and women and not beautiful ghosts. Write for money. Refuse one character a book, remembering that Dickens could have made wonderful books about the "Adventures of Mr. Micawber," or the "Story of the Pecksniffs"; but put instead fifty characters into one book."

As Bernard Shaw, also a great Dickensian, once said to me, "Charles Dickens not only created a literature, he created a universe."—"My Own Trumpet," by D. C. Calthrop. (Hutchinson.)

DICKENS AND GLADSTONE

FORSTER tells us of the slight acquaintance of these two great Victorians; how after his last public speech (at the Royal Academy Dinner on May 2nd, 1870), Dickens had breakfast with Mr. Gladstone, and how, when on some earlier occasion he was dining with the great politician in Carlton House Terrace, he recalled the dining room as that in which he had taken down Mr. Stanley's speech so many years before. As Gladstone's maiden speech was made in 1833, it is probable that Dickens heard it, and reported it too. But we had never seen any expression of opinion from Gladstone as to his great contemporary, until a correspondent sent us a copy of a letter addressed in 1889 to F. Sabin, lately come into his possession. It is a pleasure to place it on record:—

"Sir,

The very exacting conditions of my public life have greatly narrowed my relations in several, and especially in literary, respects. To this misfortune I ascribe my very limited intercourse with one so famous as Mr. Dickens. He did me the favour once or twice to join breakfast parties which I used to give, and my recollections of him thus arising are altogether pleasurable. I also remember hearing one speech of his (if not more) at the Academy dinner, in which he took MacIise for his subject, and which was one of the most finished performances in its kind that I ever knew.

It is a matter of regret to me that I am unable to send you a less meagre reply.

Your faithful servant,

W. Gladstone.

Feb. 1889."

A DEFENCE OF DICKENS'S DETECTIVES

BY P. CLAXTON WILLIAMS

I.



IT has been said that Dickens's detectives are below standard and unworthy of a master hand. Such complaints are most often well envisaged. Many of the sleuths who appear in Dickens's pages, and particularly those whose exploits were recounted in *Household Words*, were lacking in finesse and in standing, and concerned themselves

chiefly with the paltriest crimes.

But, happily, there is another side to the question, necessitating a better appreciation of the standards of the time.

At that period detectives, as we now know them, were completely unknown. Hitherto, plain clothes men, when employed at all, were too obviously policeman, conspicuous in appearance, and with pockets bulging with handcuffs and the usual paraphernalia of the arm of the law.

The science of detection possesses, roughly speaking, two branches. In one we find the man of shrewd experience, who is able to commune with criminals in their secret haunts; in the other the more æsthetic specialist in the unmasking of crime.

In the last century the detectives were able-bodied police officers, who conformed to the first-mentioned class. The Sherlock Holmes, of fiction or fact, had not been born.

On re-reading *The Detective Police* and *Three Detective Anecdotes*, we come to the essential conclusion that Messrs. Dornton, Witchem, Mith, Fendall, and Straw—who, at Dickens's invitation took an hour or two's holiday to relate some of their adventures at the Wellington Street office of *Household Words*—were no ordinary mortals.

Dickens, more than any, had the powers of observation to see at a glance where it was that they excelled. In view of this circumstance I cannot do better than to make his description mine.

"They are, one and all, respectable-looking men; of perfectly good deportment and unusual intelligence; with nothing lounging or shrinking in their manners; with an air of keen observation and quick perception when addressed; and generally presenting in their faces, traces more or less marked of habitually leading lives of strong mental excitement. They have all good eyes; and they all can, and they all do, look fully at whomsoever they speak to."

Their related stories are full of interest. The most exacting modern crime story reader could not commence one without being hurried along towards the end. The episode of the young butcher, of the Carpet Bag, the Pair of Gloves, the Sofa—all have the great essential—suspense.

It may be objected that many of the solutions depend on coincidence. Well, coincidences are not unknown in London to-day. But then people dwelt in a smaller world. The underworld of the Metropolis was probably as restricted as that of a moderate sized provincial town to-day.

But in every line of the narratives there is evidence that the detectives immortalised in the master's pages were men of integrity of purpose, whose courage and initiative aided them where other men would have failed. Their exploits represent the first flights of criminology and are subtly and capably told.

In view of this reflection Dickens's detective anecdotes receive new proportions. By harking back, in spirit, to the date of their conception, we perceive them to be in nowise second class or ineffectual, but intense and in line with the times.

Dickens only witnessed the childhood of detection, but he shows us that a wonderful childhood it must have been.

II.

It is when we turn to Dickens's fictional detectives, however, that we realise the full extent and fertility of the field. From a few scattered hints and limited experiences he evolved a type of detective that—in crowdedness, intellect, and observation—was far ahead of any he had seen.

It is beyond question that, inasmuch as his characters were concerned, Dickens was always "up to the moment." Indeed, he was frequently in advance of his times.

The best evidence of this is that he succeeded, in the year 1852, conjuring up, in a form that was completely tangible, a type of detective inspector that had yet to be.

The premature genius was Bucket. Those who have read the master's crime stories with due reverence and attention, agree that Inspector Bucket is the greatest detective of them all.

The story of his search for Lady Dedlock is an epic. A lesser writer could have been proud to have founded a whole book on that incident, but to the more lavish genius of Dickens it presented itself as a mere prelude to the issue of a profound and moving tale.

The Inspector takes a place somewhere between the minor characters and the principals. In a sense, he dominates the book, yet he occupies the printed page for relatively brief periods. He only appears between chapters 22 and 62, making his entrance and his exit in his own quiet, respectful, inconsequential way.

Generally speaking, he is a product of Dickens's imagination, but it is informative to find out to what extent his character is based on detectives that he had seen. Let us consider the description of the stoutly built, steady-looking, sharp-eyed man, who appeared, so unobtrusively, in Mr. Tulkinghorn's apartments.

Our attention is called to his "look full of meaning," and the crook of his finger." His fat forefinger, we are told, he put to his lips, and it whispered information; he put it to his lips, and it enjoined

him to secrecy ; he rubbed it over his nose, and it sharpened his scent ; he shook it before a guilty man and it charmed him to his destruction.

At this point, it would be well to compare his mannerisms with those of the bona-fide detective, Inspector Wield—one of the group that were received at the editorial office of *Household Words*.

This individual was “ a middle-aged man of portly presence, with a large, moist, knowing eye, a husky voice, and a habit of emphasising his conversation by the aid of a corpulent forefinger, which is constantly in juxtaposition with his eyes or nose.”

By comparing, with consideration, these two portraits, one cannot fail to be struck by the resemblance, or to realise how Dickens gave his characters their lifelike parts by founding them on a hint of reality.

But let us return to Inspector Bucket's prowess, and try to indicate, as briefly as possible, his exceptional faculties.

When he accompanied Esther Summerson to the brickmaker's cottage at St. Alban's, he interviewed the inhabitants, and made various enquiries. They were forced to admit that Lady Dedlock had called there some hours previously, and on being pressed further the husband stated that she had departed at twenty minutes past eleven. Soon after, Bucket took his departure.

From what he had heard he divined that Lady Dedlock had given them her watch, in payment for some service, for, at that period, it was unusual for a labourer's household to possess any kind of timepiece, and those who guess the hours do not measure time so minutely.

This was a clever act—a stroke that serves to bridge the gap between the detective who was astute and a student of human nature, and the cold, practical, scientific analyst of more modern form. It was a deduction of which Sherlock Holmes might have been proud.

It is not, however, an isolated occasion. Not once, but often, did the Inspector's shrewd and responsible nature assert itself during the course of that dark, stormy journey. We see him in various guises, now jovial, now grave, but always pursuing his enquiries, and bearing in mind the object he had in view. Sometimes he was misled or mistaken, but he always returned, with perfect surety, to the trail.

Detective characters are in a minority in Dickens's pages. Maybe he regarded them as a novelty not to be exploited without due care. But he was certainly satisfied with the result of his experiment, if only on the evidence that he tended to employ them more and more.

But apart from all this, the several examples he has revealed to us are of a sufficient magnitude to satisfy the most insatiable student of the detection of crime.

To take another example, there is Nadgett—for patience and determination still supreme. Secretive, shabby, and unassuming he set himself to his task with a terrible purposeful vigour, rising at the crucial moment, like a dark spirit in the path of Jonas Chuzzlewit to confound him with proofs of the dark deed that he hoped had passed unseen.

It is hard to think of Mr. Cruncher as a detective, though, in truth he stepped into that office, not so much because he loved it, as because

found it as a result of his sub-umbral trade. In the same book he encounters Barsad, who lacked the fine integrity of the detective, but fully possessing the insidious cunning of the spy.

Another example that calls for attention is the mysterious Datchery. There being no positive rule for understanding him, readers have suffered about his purpose and origin, but that he was a detective seems plain.

We obtain little more than an introduction to this compelling and interesting character, but our brief acquaintance with him is a promising one. Perhaps his discoveries might have been sufficiently surprising to nullify the findings of the author's other heroes, but—alas—things being as they are, we are only able to speak of what he might have done.

In this brief space we have taken a review of the boundless invention of Dickens. It only remains that we should compare his detective character with those of more recent times. In many cases the sleuth of the modern novel relies on coincidence for a natural intuition, or on a natural endowment. Also, they are often accompanied by a comparative dullness, who held this rule.



Even Conan Doyle

never tied himself to rules and formalities: he knew his own limitations; he knew his own powers. He needed no foils to project the children of his fancy. Each of them stands like a tower in a fertile country, that seems the higher because it stands alone.



PEOPLE FROM DICKENS

His handsome book published by Scribners (10s. 6d.) arrived too late for notice in our December number, which was a pity as it is a most suitable Christmas gift book for children. Thomas Fogarty's pictures, many in colour, are excellent, even if Mr. Pickwick's bland expression is replaced by an alien worldliness. Rachael Field's versions of some of the best-known incidents connected with child life, are very well done.

* * * * *

Rochester's Tony Weller, Mr. Ernest Pileher, has passed away. He owned an old stage coach and frequently impersonated old Weller with much success.

* * * * *

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has supplied a list to "The Book Window" of what he considers to be the twelve greatest humorous books. *Pickwick* is at the head of it.

PICKWICKIAN CONVIVIALITY

AFTER dinner, Mr. Bob Sawyer ordered in the largest mortar in the shop, and proceeded to brew a reeking jorum of rum-punch therein, stirring up and amalgamating the materials with a pestle in a very creditable and apothecary-like manner. Mr. Sawyer, being a bachelor, had only one tumbler in the house, which was assigned to Mr. Winkle as a compliment to the visitor, Mr. Ben Allen being accommodated with a funnel with a cork in the narrow end, and Bob Sawyer contenting himself with one of those wide-lipped crystal vessels inscribed with a variety of cabalistic characters, in which chemists are wont to measure out their liquid drugs in compounding prescriptions. These preliminaries adjusted, the punch was tasted, and pronounced excellent; and it having been arranged that Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen should be considered at liberty to fill twice to Mr. Winkle's once, they started fair, with great satisfaction and good-fellowship.

* * * * *

Glasses were placed round, and every gentleman ordered what he liked best, before the public house shut up. The gentleman in blue and the man in orange, who were the chief exquisites of the party, ordered "cold srub and water," but with the others, gin and water sweet appeared to be the favourite beverage. Sam called the green-grocer a "des'rate willin'," and ordered a large bowl of punch—two circumstances which seemed to raise him very much in the opinion of the selections.

* * * * *

The mottled-faced gentleman reviewed the company, and slowly raised his hand, upon which every man (including he of the mottled countenance) drew a long breath, and lifted his tumbler to his lips. In one instant the mottled-faced gentleman depressed his hand again, and every glass was set down empty. It is impossible to describe the thrilling effect produced by this striking ceremony; at once dignified, solemn, and impressive, it combined every element of grandeur.

* * * * *

Mr. Pickwick, with his hands in his pockets and his hat cocked completely over his left eye, was leaning against the dresser, shaking his head from side to side, and producing a constant succession of the blandest and most benevolent smiles without being moved thereunto by any discernible cause or pretence whatsoever; old Mr. Wardle, with a highly-inflamed countenance, was grasping the hand of a strange gentleman muttering protestations of eternal friendship. Mr. Winkle, supporting himself by the eight-day clock, was feebly invoking destruction upon the head of any member of the family who should suggest the propriety of his retiring for the night; and Mr. Snodgrass had sunk into a chair, with an expression of the most abject and hopeless misery that the human mind can imagine, portrayed in every lineament of his expressive face.

* * * * *

At the Hop Pole at Tewkesbury they stopped to dine; upon which occasion there was more bottled ale, with some more Madeira, and some Port besides; and here the case-bottle was replenished for the fourth time. Under the influence of these combined stimulants, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Ben Allen fell fast asleep for thirty miles, while Bob and Mr. Weller sang duets in the dickey.

That gentleman had gradually passed through the various stages which precede the lethargy produced by dinner, and its consequences. He had undergone the ordinary transitions from the height of conviviality to the depth of misery, and from the depth of misery to the height of conviviality. Like a gas lamp in the street, with the wind in the pipe, he had exhibited for a moment an unnatural brilliancy: then sunk so low as to be scarcely discernible: after a short interval, he had burst out again, to enlighten for a moment, then flickered with an uncertain, staggering sort of light, and then gone out altogether. His head was sunk upon his bosom: and perpetual snoring, with a partial choke, occasionally, were the only audible indications of the great man's presence.

* * * * *

"Cricket dinner—glorious party—capital songs—old port—claret—good—very good—wine, Ma'am—wine."

"It wasn't the wine," murmured Mr. Snodgrass, in a broken voice. "It was the salmon." (Somehow or other, it never *is* the wine, in these cases.)

* * * * *

When the punch was about half gone, Sam ordered in some oysters from the greengrocer's shop; and the effect of both was so extremely exhilarating, that Mr. Tuckle, dressed out with the cocked hat and stick, danced the frog hornpipe among the shells on the table, while the gentleman in blue played an accompaniment upon an ingenious musical instrument formed of a hair comb and a curl-paper. At last, when the punch was all gone, and the night nearly so, they sallied forth to see each other home. Mr. Tuckle no sooner got into the open air, than he was seized with a sudden desire to lie on the curb-stone; Sam thought it would be a pity to contradict him, and so let him have his own way. As the cocked hat would have been spoilt if left there, Sam very considerably flattened it down on the head of the gentleman in blue, and putting the big stick in his hand, propped him up against his own street-door, rang the bell, and walked quietly home.

* * * * *

Tom was fond of hot punch—I may venture to say he was *very* fond of hot punch—and . . . he just ordered a tumbler of it, by way of experiment. Now if there was one thing in the whole range of domestic art, which the widow could manufacture better than another, it was this identical article; and the first tumbler was adapted to Tom Smart's taste with such peculiar nicety, that he ordered a second with the least possible delay. Hot punch is a pleasant thing, gentlemen—an extremely pleasant thing under any circumstances—but in that snug old parlour, before the roaring fire, with the wind blowing outside till every timber in the old house creaked again, Tom Smart found it perfectly delightful. He ordered another tumbler, and then another—I am not quite certain whether he didn't order another after that—but the more he drank of the hot punch the more he thought of the tall man.

"Confound his impudence," said Tom Smart to himself, "what business has he in that snug bar? Such an ugly villain too!" said Tom. "If the widow had any taste, she might surely pick up some better fellow than that." Here Tom's eye wandered from the glass to the chimney-piece, to the glass on the table, and as he felt himself becoming gradually sentimental, he emptied the fourth tumbler of punch and ordered a fifth.



Drawn by]

[Kath Whittaker

A COPPERFIELD QUERY

SIR.—The letter from Mr. E. H. Strange in your Autumn number encourages me to draw attention to one of the original illustrations of *David Copperfield*: the well-known plate entitled “Our Pew at Church.” There is something in that picture which mystifies me. I mean the young man in the foreground, with his arm resting on the back of a pew and his gaze directed earnestly upon a black-whiskered figure who is obviously Murdstone.

Now this young fellow is clearly not just one of the congregation; he has all the appearance of a *significant* person in the scene.

Do you think Dickens may have originally intended to introduce another admirer of Mrs. Copperfield, a younger man, of a worthy type, as a rival and contrast to Murdstone, and that “Phiz” may have been instructed to this effect, but that Dickens abandoned the idea later? Please observe that the young widow is looking straight at the stripling, and not at the older man.

O. D. SAVAGE.

DICKENS LIBRARIES

SIR.—I commend the spirit with which Dover appreciates the fine collection of Dickensiana in its possession.

The late Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (some time before he died) gave his whole collection of books and miscellanea to Rochester—the Mecca of Dickens. The collection is great, varied, valuable, and, probably, unique. It rests in the Eastgate House Museum in the room devoted entirely to Dickens. Fitzgerald had given his own Catalogue—which he had personally drawn up. It was chaotic in its confusion, largely, no doubt, due to additions made to the collection as time went on.

To-day, thanks to the loving labour of Mr. John Y. Watt, light and order and sequence have been brought out of chaos, and Rochester owes Mr. Watt a very grateful debt.

The 430 volumes are set out in a Catalogue first in numerical sequence, then arranged according to authorship. Finally, the seventy odd portfolios stuffed full to overflowing with what Mr. Venus might have dubbed “Various,” have received adequate treatment, and the classification leaves little to be desired. Advertisements, Book Notices, Reviews, Illustrators and Illustrations, Dickensian Societies and their Meetings, Newspaper Cuttings, Pamphlets, Lectures, Excerpts from Periodical Literature, Sales Catalogues, all find separate place. Here is a veritable mine of information ready to hand, but, a word of warning—the Library is dated: for all intents and purposes nothing has been added since Fitzgerald presented it to the ancient City in 1912.*

HENRY SMETHAM.

* A state of affairs which the Rochester people should remedy immediately.—Editor.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

SIR.—In his preface to *Bleak House* and also on page 329 Dickens refers to the case of Countess Cornelia Bandi. Recently on going through the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1746 I found the details of this case, a copy of which I enclose.

It is interesting to note the way Dickens utilised this account in various pages of his book.

HENRY HAYES.

Extract from "Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. XVI, 1746, page 368.

SIR.—The account which is given in your 6th Vol., page 647, of a woman at Casena consumed by a fire kindled within her own body and mentioned also in your magazine for June, 1731, page 263, seems to be the same accident quoted "Philos-Trans.," No. 476, just published, from an Italian Treatise by J. Bianchini, prebendary of Verona entitled "Of the Death of the Countess Cornelia Bandi, of Casena."

CASENA, April 4th, 1731.

"This lady was in her 62nd year, and well all day till night, when she began to be heavy; after supper she was put to bed, and talked three hours with her maid; at last, falling asleep, the door was shut. In the morning, the maid, going to call her, saw the corpse in this deplorable condition. Four feet distant from the bed was a heap of ashes, two legs untouch'd, stockings on, between which lay the head, the brains, half of the back-part of the skull, and the whole chin burnt to ashes, among which were found three fingers blacken'd. All the rest was ashes which had this quality, that they left in the hand a greasy and stinking moisture. The air in the room had soot floating in it: a small oil lamp on the floor was covered with ashes but no oil in it. Of two candles on a table the tallow was gone, but the cotton left, some moisture about the feet of the candlesticks, the bed undamaged, the blankets and sheets only raised on one side, as when one gets out of bed: the whole furniture spread over with moist ash-coloured soot, which penetrated the drawers, and fouled the linens. This soot even got into a neighbouring kitchen, hung on its walls, and utensils, and a bit of bread cover'd with this soot, was refused by several dogs. In the room above, the said soot flew about, and from the lower part of the window, trickled down a greasy, loathsome, yellowish liquor with an unusual stink. The floor of the chamber was thick-smear'd with a gluish moisture, not easily got off, and the stink spread into other chambers."

This narration is followed by an enquiry into the cause of this conflagration, the result of which is the same with the account in your Mag for November, 1736; that it was not from a flash of lightning, but from her own body; tho' some concluded that it must be the effect of a fulmen. The dogs refused the bread because of the sulphurous stink, and nothing but a fulmen could reduce a body to impalpable ashes. But it seems there was no sulphurous or nitrous smell of a fulmen and the effects of it would not reduce a body to impalpable ashes.



SHARK-HEADED SCREWS

SIR.—In *Great Expectations*, Chapter XV, Joe Gargery speaks of “a gross of shark-headed screws for general use.” The “N.E.D.” gives “shark-headed, a., the designation of a kind of screw,” which is not very informative, and the illustrative quotation is from—*Great Expectations*, Chapter XV! The term is unknown to several people in the hardware and building trades of whom I have enquired, and question in “Notes and Queries” and “English and Amateur Mechanics” have brought no reply. Can any Dickensian tell me, and the world, what a shark-headed screw is, or was, or is the clue buried with our great author as completely as the dénouement of *Edwin Drood*?

LINDLEY LATHAM.



MRS. ALICE NEWCOMER

It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of Mrs. Newcomer, one of our most respected Vice-Presidents. From 1910 until quite recent years, with the necessary interruption of the War period, Mrs. Newcomer made an annual trip across the Atlantic and was present at many of our gatherings; she endeared herself to us all who were fortunate enough to come in contact with her. It was with great sadness that we have just turned up a contribution she made to *The Dickensian* in 1911 (page 195) on her return to America after her first visit. She well earned her title of “The Fellowship’s American Ambassador.”

MR. HENRY S. SANDERS

WE regret to record the sudden and untimely passing, on December 23rd last, of Mr. Henry S. Sanders, who for many years filled the office of Recording Secretary of the New York Branch. As such he gave loyal and unselfish service to the Fellowship. His Minutes will be remembered for their quaintness and Pickwickian flavour. He was a zealous and devoted Dickensian.

TWO NEW PICKWICK PLAYS

“THE PICKWICKIANS’ LOVE AFFAIRS,” a play adapted and produced by Mrs. Wilson, was the birthday contribution of the Manchester Branch. It was presented on four evenings, and the N.S.P.C.C. will benefit considerably as the result.

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Another new *Pickwick* play, with the old title of “The Pickwickians,” has been successfully produced by the Nottingham Branch. It is the work of Mr. J. Cooper Sands, and as it has been printed, it will be available for other branches. It is a very good adaptation, the principal incidents being well linked together by the introduction of a “narrator.”

DICKENS TO THE RESCUE

AMERICA is following England, and at least one newspaper in the United States is offering sets of Dickens at remarkably cheap prices as an aid to circulation.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

Boz, an intimate biography by Joseph C. Boorman and James L. Harte. Illustrated. The Stratford Co., Boston. \$2.

The Pickwickians, a play in three acts by J. Cooper Sands. Jno. Sands and Son, Nottingham. 1s.

People from Dickens, arranged by Rachel Field; pictures in colour by Thomas Fogarty. Scribners. 10s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"My Grandfather Changed Christmas," by Enid Dickens Hawksley. *Answers*, 14th December.

"Dickens Landmarks," by E. C. Bailey. *Hampshire Telegraph*, 13th December, 3rd January.

"Christmas with Dickens," Interview with Lady Dickens. *Sunday Graphic*, 22nd December.

"Creating a Christmas Card." *Sunday Independent*, 22nd December.

"Mr. Pickwick's a Hundred Years Old." Page of Pictures. *Radio Times*, 27th December.

"Mr. Pickwick," by G. K. Chesterton. *Radio Times*, 27th December.

"Enter Charles Dickens," by A. G. Gardiner. *John Bull*, 28th December.

"Pickwick," by Allan Monkhouse. *Manchester Guardian*, 27th December.

"The Centenary of *Boz*; Dickens's New London." *The Times Literary Supplement*, 28th December.

"Mr. Pickwick goes Skating" (Selection). *Northern Despatch*, 24th December.

"Scrooge's Reformation" (Selection). *News Chronicle*, 24th December.

"If Dickens came back this Christmas," by Hereward Maitland. *South Wales Echo*, 24th December.

"What Christmas is as we Grow Older" (reprinted). *Family*, December.

"Dickens Knew the Secret of the Festive Season," by Rev. James Duncan. *Sunderland Echo*, 24th December.

"Christmas Eve at Old Fezziwig's" (Selection). *Evening World and The Times*, 22nd December.

"Pickwick Year; the Book and the Birthday," by Bernard Darwin. *The Times*, 1st January.

"The Creator of Pickwick," by J. H. Lancaster. *Daily Post*, 30th December.

"Half Days in Dickensland," by George Long. *Modern Motoring*, December.

"George Hogarth," by Stanley A. Baylis. *The Chesterian*, November-December.

"Genesis of The Inimitable." *Oldham Times*, 11th and 18th January.

"A Tale of Two Cities Film." Pages of Pictures. *To-Day's Cinema*, 21st, 23rd, and 24th January. *Cinema*, 2nd and 22nd January.

"The Standard Fat Boy," by The Londoner. *Evening News*, 10th January.

"Mr. Pickwick's Centenary, 1936." Cartoon by E. H. Shepard. *Punch*, 8th January.

"Best Books of 1836," by C. H. Lea. *Birmingham Daily Mail*, 3rd January.

"A Toast to Mr. Pickwick," Illustrated, by "Scriptor." *Portsmouth Evening News*, 4th January.

"Pickwick's Centenary Link with Kent," Illustrated. *Kent Messenger*, 4th January.

"Pickwick Centenary," Illustrated. *The Listener*, 8th January.

"Dickens the Reporter." *Newspaper World*, 11th January.

"Mr. Pickwick on Wheels," Illustrated, by William Gulman. *C.T.C. Gazette*, January.

"What is the Truth about Dotheboys Hall," by Christopher Yorke. *Yorkshire Evening Press*, 25th January.

"Mr. Pickwick's London," *The Observer*, 2nd February.

"The Laughing Democrat," by Lewis Wynne. *Railway Review*, 31st January.

"Great Britons" Series, by Helier. Illustrated. Dickens. *Sunday Pictorial*, 2nd February.

"The Pickwick Centenary," by A.B.B. *Yorkshire Evening Post*, 22nd January.

"Old Scrooge," by F. C. Goodall. *British Trade Review*, January.

"With the Pickwickians." Illustrated. *Chatham Observer*, 7th February.

"Pickwick Ways," by M.E.M. *Birmingham Post*, 11th February.

"Dickens and the Poor Law." *Public Assistance Journal*, 7th February.



WINNIPEG DISCUSSES LAW AND DICKENS

DICKENSIANS, University professors, and members of the legal profession heard the Hon. President of the Winnipeg Branch, Sidney E. Smith, who is also President of the University, speak on the law and lawyers in Dickens. Summarising up an extensive survey of the subject, Mr. Smith said: Though Dickens, the novelist, was concerned with the actual effects of the law upon the people, his harshest legal critic would have to admit that Dickens made few mistakes in his law facts. Though Dickens had never studied law, he was a court reporter, and as such became well acquainted with at least the members in the lower ranks of the profession. No man could have written *Bleak House* without first-hand information about the law.

To Dickens, as a legal historian, members of the bench and bar to-day owe a great debt of gratitude. They can read the law cases in cold and formal terms, but in Dickens they have a picture of the social effects of the law's delays.

THE NEW YORK PICKWICK EXHIBITION

ARRANGED by the indefatigable Mr. A. A. Hopkins, who has made *Pickwick* his special study, a *Pickwick* Exhibition is being held at Yale. It opened on February 7th and will continue until the end of March.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM.

- Mar. 13—Lecture by Mr. J. D. Billington, M.I.Mech.E., "Railways in Dickens's Day."
 21—Dramatic Entertainment.
 April 17—Members' Papers on *The Pickwick Papers*.
 May 8—Annual Meeting and Social.
 Rambles on April 25th, May 9th, and May 23rd.

BIRMINGHAM.

- Mar. 11—Lecture by Rev. W. S. Ferrie, "Dickens in Relation to his own time."
 April 8—Members' Evening. "Round About with Pickwick."
 22—General Meeting.

BLACKBURN.

- Mar. 12—Members of the Blackburn Literary Society will pay a visit.
 19—Visit to Preston Branch
 26—Short Papers

BLACKPOOL.

- Mar. 5—Visit of Members of the Literary Society.
 19—The Dickens Fellowship Players.
 April 2—Annual Meeting.

BOSTON.

- Mar. 9, April 13, May 11—To be announced.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON.

- Mar. 11—*Nicholas Nickleby*, by Miss Nesta Baker.
 April 8—"No Thoroughfare," by Miss C. Cooksley.

BROMLEY.

- Mar. 11—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty.
 April 11—An Examination in *Pickwick*.

CHELTENHAM.

- Mar. 6—Four members entertain. Sketch arranged by Mr. John Broom.
 April 3—Annual Meeting.

CIRENCESTER.

- Mar. 2—"Mr. Pickwick," by Mr. E. J. Mitchell.
 April 6—Annual Meeting.

EASTBOURNE.

- Mar. 10—Dramatic Entertainment.
 3 and 17—Study Circle.

EDGWARE.

- Mar. 6—Balloon Debate.
 20—Lecture by Miss G. Singers-Bigger, "A Dickens Bouquet."
 April 17—Readings from Dickens.
 24—Social Evening.
 May 8—Annual General Meeting.

EDINBURGH.

- Mar. 12—Three Papers on Subjects from Book of Study.
 20—Progressive Bridge and Whist Evening.
 26—Robert Bridges' "Testament of Beauty," by the Rev. Gordon K. Hawes,
 M.A., D.D.
 April 9—Business Meeting.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.

- Mar. —Lantern Lecture by Mr. T. W. Hill, "The Athenæum: its History and Associations."
 April 4—Visit to Victoria and Albert Museum.
 27—Annual Meeting, followed by Papers by Members.

HULL.

- Mar. 6—"Bernard Shaw's Prefaces," by Mr. H. Shoosmith, M.A., L.C.P.
 20—Members' Dramatic Evening.
 April 3—"The Progress of Housing," by Mr. D. Lucas, M.R.S.I., M.S.I.A.
 24—Annual General Meeting.

LANCASTER.

Mar. 20—Social Gathering.

LEYTON.

Mar. 25—The *Pickwick* Centenary, 1836-1936, arranged by Mr. E. W. Brown.
April 29—Annual General Meeting.

LIVERPOOL.

Mar. 4—"Ghosts and Ghostly Stories from Charles Dickens," by Miss Mary Bryan.
18—Discussion on book for the session.
April 8—Annual General Meeting and Social Evening.

LONDON.

Mar. 4—Debate, "Pickwick in Town and Country." Brig.-Gen. R. D. B. Blakeney and Mr. W. Marston Acres.
Mar. 27—April 2—*Pickwick* Celebrations. See separate announcements.
May 4—Annual Meeting and *Pickwick* Sketches, under the direction of Miss Frances Jolly.
9—Ramble, conducted by Mr. Leslie Staples. "In Dulwich with Mr. Pickwick."

MANCHESTER.

Mar. 6—Miscellaneous Programme, arranged by Mrs. H. E. Evans.
20—Lecture by Mr. F. R. Dean, "A *Pickwickian* Pilgrimage."
April 17—Annual Meeting.

MONTREAL.

Mar. 24—Lecture by Dr. L. E. Pariseau, "Dickens and Doctors."
April 28—Lecture by Mr. J. Alex. Edmison, "Dickens as a Penologist."

NEW YORK.

Mar. 20, April 17, May 15—To be announced.

NOTTINGHAM.

Mar. 3, 10, 26—Readings from *The Pickwick Papers*.
19, 20, 21—Dramatic Performances. "The *Pickwickians*."

PHILADELPHIA.

Mar. 25—Regular Monthly Meeting.
April 22—Plays from *Pickwick*.
June —Annual Outing.

PLYMOUTH.

Mar. 4—Dramatic and Musical Evening, arranged by Mrs. G. H. Sargeant.
18—Dramatic and Musical Evening, arranged by Miss Lilian Brenton.
April 1—Annual Meeting.

PRESTON.

Mar. 5—Lecture by Rev. G. Bennett, "Dickens's Psychology of Clothes."
19—Visit of Blackburn Branch.
April 2—Annual Meeting.

RUGBY.

Mar. 3—Paper by Mr. F. G. B. Hutchings, F.L.A.
April 7—Visit of Redditch Branch.
May 5—Annual General Meeting.

ST. PANCRAS.

Mar. 2—*The Pickwick Papers*. Chairman: Mrs. Newcombe.
April 22—Business Meeting and Entertainment.
Rambles on March 21st and April 20th.

SHEFFIELD.

Mar. 6—Lecture Recital by Rev. T. W. Nicholson, Manchester.
11—Whist Drive.
21—"Pickwick Supper."
April 3—Lecture by J. E. Roberts, Esq., "The Dickensian Film Era."

TEWKESBURY.

Mar. 3—Lecture by Professor Beatrice Edgell, "Dickens and Child Psychology."
—Treat to inmates of Holmswood Home.
April 7—Members' Evening and Annual Meeting.

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TORONTO.

Mar. 12—Lecture by Rev. G. Stanley Russell, D.D., "The London Dickens Loved."
 April 9—Lecture by Mr. H. Napier Moore, and Scenes from *Pickwick* directed by Mr. Roger Priestman.

VANCOUVER.

Mar. 26—Evening sponsored by the Study Circle.
 April 23—Lecture by Rev. E. D. Braden
 June 7—Annual Memorial Service.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

Mar. 7—Debate between Miss E. Abbott and Mr. S. Warwick.
 21—A Meeting of the *Pickwick* Club.

WINNIPEG.

Mar. 12—Ladies' Night.
 April 9—Lecture by Mr. D. R. P. Coats, "A Ramble in Dickensland."

WOODVILLE.

March and April—Exchange of visits with Redditch Branch, and Dramatic Production to be announced.



GOOD WORK AT MONTREAL

MONTREAL Branch netted \$114.35 from a Whist Drive in November for their Welfare Committee among sick and under-privileged children. The month following, Santa Claus visited the Tiny Tims with gifts of toys, scarves, mittens, etc., provided by the members, who also subscribed \$60 in cash. The Dickens Players of this Branch have presented exceedingly fine scenes from *A Christmas Carol*, and a *Pickwick* play will be given by them on March 2nd and 3rd. At the Birthday Dinner on February 7th Dr. Stephen Leacock proposed the Immortal Memory.

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DICKENS NAMES IN REAL LIFE

THERE was an article in "Punch" in December last dealing with "Odd Names," and, of course, Dickens names were somewhat to the fore. But "E.V.L." had evidently not referred to the London Telephone Directory or he would have there found the names of Cuttle, Camp, Guppy, Jupe, Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle to add to his list. Alas, there is no *Pickwick* and no *Copperfield*; the nearest we can get to these is *Pickwood*, *Pickworth*, and *Copperwheat*.

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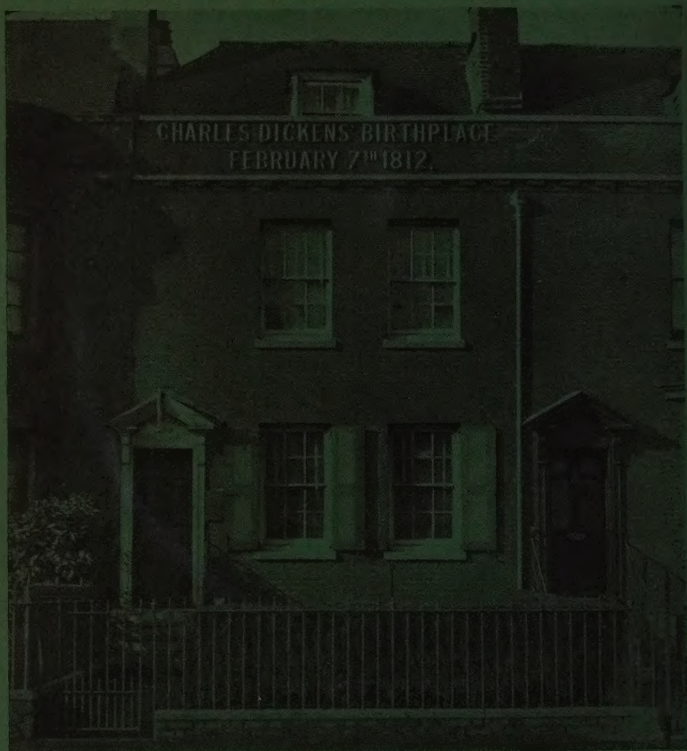
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